The Bombay Guardian.

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WEEKLY REVIEW.

—Brought into contact with something higher and better, the Natives of this country are becoming conscious of the unseemly, irreligious and demoralizing character of some of their festivals, and, in the Native journals, are freely declaring the urgent need of reform in this matter. A correspondent of the *Times of India*, apparently a European, fills an entire column with a labored eulogium of these very festivals. The first shall be last and the last first.

—The *Ajdaha* formerly given for Harbour Mission work, and resumed at the time of the Abyssinian expedition has been—not restored to the Harbour Missions, but—sold for Rs. 17,500.

Dr. Littledale, whose lecture comparing the Reformers to Marat, Danton and Robespierre, or rather giving the pre-eminence of wickedness to the former, excited some attention a year ago, says now:

"Had I to write that lecture now, I should be obliged to depict the character of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and the moral, social, and practical results of the Reformation, in yet blacker colours than those I used."

Yet blacker! What must the chemistry be which can find a deeper black than that which Dr. L. employed in his published lecture? In the art of blackening he is surely *facile princeps*. He should be content.

The 7th Report of the United Presbyterian Mission in Rajpootana contains much that is interesting, though the year 1863 witnessed scarcely any additions to the church and some defections. There seems to be no lack of faithful testimony borne at the different stations; the light of the Gospel is being diffused; prejudices are weakened in some quarters; some important lessons are being learned by the Native church.

Speaking of the Cholera, the missionaries at Beawr say:

"Our previous healthiness and freedom from such visitations had told powerfully in our favour, and were regarded as a proof that the demons of Hinduism had no power over the bodies of Christians. But the sadly numerous deaths of last year, and specially those due to cholera, have been universally regarded as evidence that the avenging deities have made bare their arms against us, and that the Christian religion is not, as was supposed, any safeguard against their vindictiveness. That the idea has taken powerful hold on the minds of a people so prone to superstition is shown by the fact that, on several occasions during last itineracy, it was openly urged among audiences whom we addressed as an argument against embracing Christianity. It need, then, scarcely be wondered at, that the well-disposed have been discouraged, waverers confirmed in their devotion to the superstitions of their fathers, and that some hopeful enquirers have hung back or fallen away."

Of Bazaar preaching:

"The experience of the past year, during which this department of our labour has been unremittingly prosecuted, has not led us to set a lower value on what the world still deems 'the foolishness of preaching.' True, since good old Lala's conviction and gathering in from the effect produced by a bazar sermon, we are not able to point to this and the other won to the Church by that instrumentality. Nevertheless, as a means of bringing the truth to bear on many hearts that otherwise would never have heard its gracious message, and of presenting the claims of Christianity in clear contrast to those of heathenism, we consider it of the highest importance, and to be steadily and prayerfully pursued."

Here are very different fruits of Cholera from those mentioned above:

"During the year five orphan children have been admitted. In the month of November, 1867, two girls, one of 15, and the other about 11 years of age, named Jaiti and Surji, were kindly sent by Major Impey from Jodhpore. The parents of the former, who were devotees belonging to Kattiawár, had taken her with them on the annual pilgrimage to Hardwár. Thence carrying with them the contagion of cholera, both succumbed to that mortal disease while passing through the State of Marwar, leaving their daughter an orphan among strangers. At first, Jaiti, who brought with her all the paraphernalia of idolatry—the only legacy which her parents seem to have left her—was with difficulty prevailed on to take any food: and after this was got over, and she began to eat with the other children, for several weeks she continued devoted to those idolatrous rites which she had learned in her childhood. Though still a girl of peculiar and excitable temperament, she has long ago left off all these her old habits, and with the eager and often expressed desire of being baptized into the Church, has made no small progress in reading, writing, and knowledge of scripture truth."

The missionaries at Nusseerabad say:

"Of the six individuals in full communion with the Church at the date of last report, only three are so at present. Two have been suspended on charges of openly unchristian conduct, and the third—by allying himself to them and deserting his duty here, in order to accompany them in circumstances of a suspicious kind—has separated himself for the present from our communion. This grievous defection is rendered the more distressing by the fact that the principal party in it has long held a position of responsibility at this station. He has, almost since the founding of the station in 1831, filled the place of native catechist, and was possessed of not a few qualifications for the work assigned him."

"During six months of the year, while the schools of Bhinái and Tantúti were being built, Mr Wm. Martin, who has been led to devote a good deal of time to the medical department of missionary work, had large numbers of patients at the above villages. Many of them were brought in from a distance of 10 or 15 miles, to be near the missionary and receive medical treatment. The results, in most cases, where the opportunity of watching effects was afforded, has been most satisfactory. Everywhere among the villages do large numbers of old patients, more heartily than others, greet the appearance of the missionary, and, again and again, express their gratitude for the relief they have experienced. Of late, the number of sick in camp has been largely swelled by the influx of starving people."

Mr. Robson on his way to Ajmere, while halting for a few days at Jeypore, baptized three adults, the fruits of Dr. Valentine's labours there. Two of these were the son and daughter-in-law of Isá Dás, the pundit, whose conversion was spoken of in last report.

"Their profession was ere long put to a severe test. A mihtar and his wife joined the band of inquirers, and they were required to meet as equals with persons whom they would formerly have considered it pollution to come near. They, however, welcomed them gladly as brethren, and allowed no distinction of caste to appear among the followers of Him, who has taught us to consider all men as brethren."

Mr. Robb, Todgarh, under the head of 'Inquirers' says:

"The inquirer in question was a man of some mark,—the acknowledged head and chief of the Rawuts of Southern Mairwara.

"The only account which the people of Sarun could give of what they considered the aberrations of their chief, was that his head had got turned by reading some books which had come into his possession, and that in consequence of a vision which he had seen some four or five days before he had gone off to Ajmere. Very shortly after the Raoji, who had been followed up by his friends and brought back to Sarun, made his appearance in Todgarh. We found that the book which he had been reading was a copy of Matthew's Gospel in Hindee, and, on entering into conversation with him, he told us that Jesus Christ had appeared to him in a vision, and commanded him to go to Ajmere and become a Christian. The man's mind had evidently got a little off the balance, as was shown by his account of the vision, which, however, he related, and still relates, with the full persuasion of its reality. On all other points he was perfectly sound; and although his knowledge of gospel truth was imperfect and scanty, yet the folly and sin of idol worship had taken hold of his mind with the force of a great conviction. He had entirely renounced caste distinctions, ate and drank freely with the Christians, and, accompanying us to the great annual mela held in honour of Piplaj Mata, he openly professed himself a Christian, and denounced the heathen rites, to the great scandal of his brother Rawuts. His friends, who were in a state of great perturbation, came to Todgarh in search of him, and we advised him to return with them, and after a time come back for instruction. Since then we have seen him in his own village, and he has paid us several visits, and we are more and more favourably impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of the man. The unanimous testimony of the villagers, whom we have questioned on the matter, is that the Raoji is always going about with a big book—a copy of the Hindee Testament—and that whenever he can get any to listen, he sits down and reads to them. To use the words of one who had no idea of what the book contained, 'The book is his life' (Pothi men uska jio hai)."

Much attention is given to the schools at the different stations, and the reports regarding them are favorable. In some places a good beginning has been made in the work of female education.

We have received a letter from the Rev W. Ferguson, Chamba, announcing his return to that station after an absence of 4½ months:

"I greatly enjoyed my tour—got much and I humbly hope did some little good. My views of Missionary work have in no way been changed by all I have seen and heard. I have yet deeper convictions on some points and on none more so than on the necessity of so living among the people as to let them see that we Missionaries are true men—that our religion really has hold of us—and that our motive actually is the highest benevolence towards themselves. Missionaries, I believe, are rarely fully believed in—their real motive is generally questioned. The native

mind—judging of others by itself—is unable to comprehend the true Christian motive of the Gospel Messenger. I see no way of obviating this but by a very close and intimate associating with the people. The ordinary methods of bazar and village preaching I cannot but regard —though very valuable and proper in their way —as utterly inadequate. To expect men to believe in our message whilst they have doubts about ourselves, is surely to look for too much. Of course, the power is of God—but the reign of law as it affects the human mind must not be broken.

To say that all with the Mission went well in my absence would be saying too little—it prospered even more than usual. From twelve to twenty have expressed a wish to be baptized, and I hope soon to be able to report a considerable addition to our list.

The needed funds too, keep dropping in. "Give us this day our daily bread" is a prayer we learn more and more to appreciate. We never want; but, so far as we can judge, the efficiency of our mission both in its pastoral and evangelistic operations might be greatly increased by an increase of funds—but our great Master knows best, and our appeal is to him only.

It may interest you to hear how well I was treated on my tour as to money gifts. I started in the faith that I was going on God's errand—not my own—and that He would provide for the wants of the journey as they arose. I resolved before starting to make no appeal for funds, and I adhered to this throughout. The Rs. 200 I took with me I not only brought back—but about Rs. 500 besides—and every item of my expenses paid—the whole trip having cost only Rs. 762-10-9. This, with the fruits which I have no doubt will hereafter follow from nearly every place I visited, together with the influences I received and the uses I hope to make of these in seeking to promote a truer missionary spirit in others, is sufficient to satisfy myself at least that the object of my tour had the Divine approbation. The warm, hospitable manner in which I was everywhere received by Missionaries, Chaplains and Christian people generally of all denominations, will be long remembered by me, and was peculiarly gratifying, not only as indicative of the true Catholic spirit that pervades all true believers in the Lord Jesus—but as shewing, as I humbly hope it did, a knowledge and appreciation of the purely unsectarian character of the Chamba Mission."

WHETHER those in the Church of England, who sympathize with the Church of Rome, should secede to Rome or stay where they are and Romanize the Church of England, is a great question with those who are chiefly concerned. The *Indian Church News* cites the following from the pen of a Roman Catholic divine, in favor of the latter alternative:

"Many good and great men, many learned men, many people of rank and respectability (I am using the language of the world to set forth clearly what I mean) have left the Church of England and joined the Catholic Church; yet, as far as true sound progress has been made in the work of re-Catholising our beloved country, I believe, in too many instances, these changes have positively hindered that consummation so devoutly to be wished. If they have increased our influence with small knots of individuals, and in particular quarters, they can hardly be said to have done otherwise than damage it, and create suspicion, in others. The good is more than counterbalanced by evil. We are learning this slowly, and it is a truth, which frankly we should allow and recognise."

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TOBACCO.

A FRIEND has sent us an extract entitled, Why I gave up smoking, in which a missionary tells how he was led to give up the habit after fifteen years' indulgence. He found that in those fifteen years he had actually spent in tobacco three times as much as he had given for the spread of the Gospel. Instead of publishing this, it strikes us we may as well tell why *we* gave up smoking. The writer of this was a confirmed smoker. He smoked chibouques, narguilehs, clay pipes, porcelain pipes, cheroots and all kinds of cigars. He was for ten years addicted to the habit. There came at length a season when his views with regard to the most important of all matters underwent a change; his views regarding some minor matters participated in the revolution. He had found a new standard having the highest authority; tried by this standard, a great many things which had formerly seemed not so were now found to be objectionable. Among other things he gave up smoking. Why? Was there any prohibition of the custom in God's word? Was there any thing immoral in it? Did it act unfavorably upon the brain? Was it injurious to health? He could not answer these questions in the affirmative. But he found that he was unduly attached to the habit; so attached that it would be likely, some time or other, to make it difficult to perform duties that interfered with the indulgence. It held the affections too strongly for them to have fair play; it interfered to a certain extent with his liberty; ran counter to some extent to the precept, Gird up the loins of your mind. It was certainly not necessary; for the pleasure derived or imagined to be derived from it, some compensatory pleasure of a higher character should be found; whether or no, it was not a pleasure that fitted a man the better for the service of God. The fundamental reason for the change was that a new theory of life had been learned at the cross of Christ; life was found to be too precious to be preyed upon or hampered by any inordinate affections. Twenty-five years of abstinence have abundantly confirmed the propriety of the decision; the writer has never had any occasion to regret it, or to feel that he had sustained any loss.

But what position shall he take up with regard to the use of tobacco by others? Shall he denounce it as a sin? Some do this. But it seems to him a serious thing to charge a brother with sin when that brother has the consent of his own conscience. It is sometimes necessary to do so; for conscience is sometimes culpably mute and blind. But it is a serious thing to do it, and we should be very careful lest we sin in doing it. The Apostle Paul teaches us that there are certain obligations which we may not lay upon each other but which every man must determine for himself, by earnest inquiry and prayer. There were those in the primitive church who were too ready to find fault with their brethren for not eschewing what they felt it their duty to eschew. 'Let every man be thoroughly persuaded in his own mind. For why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?' Let us give our brethren the benefit of our example; let us ask them to examine carefully regarding this and all other matters, whether they are necessary, whether they are expedient, whether they are not a hindrance, whether one would not be better fitted to run the Christian race, by laying them aside; but let us beware of self-righteousness and of uncharitableness, and concede to others the privilege we claim for ourselves, of being guided by our own conscience (where there is no express revelation) rather than by that of another.

We suppose the amount spent on tobacco by many Europeans in Bombay exceeds not by three times but by thirty times three what they give for the spread of the Gospel. We are writing however chiefly for the sake of those who profess to be not their own, but stewards of God, and shall be very glad if any thing we have now said shall be made the means of helping them to give a more satisfactory account of their stewardship than they could otherwise have done.

AMBASSADORS OF CHRIST

To almost all the questions asked by our correspondent "P." in last week's issue, we should answer *yes* and *no*, according to the sense in which words are used. A missionary should *not* be an enthusiast in the sense of being incapable of forming right judgments of things in general; he *should* be an enthusiast in the sense of giving all his heart and all his energies to the work assigned him by the Master. He should not be exiled from the world of human thought and human interests, in the sense of being indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men; he should be, in the sense intended by Christ when he said, Ye are not of the world, I have chosen you out of the world.

So far as he can do it, with fidelity to the truth given him to declare, a minister of Christ should be genial, friendly, conciliatory, sympathetic in his intercourse with men. There should be no vestige of cant about him; nothing put on; no sanctimoniousness; no affectation or artificiality. He should be true; should be natural; but in order that he may be natural without harm to others, his spirit must be in fellowship with the divine Spirit. Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth should speak; and the heart must be pure in order that there may be no vain words.

Paul became all things to all men; but within certain well-defined limits. He preached the Gospel in season and out of season; he determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified; he eschewed the wisdom of this world. As a matter of fact he was thought to be beside himself; bent on turning the world upside down.

There is danger in this day of erring on the side of over-concession to the spirit and tone of society. Society strongly reprobates singularity, and a man that mixes with men cannot do it at all comfortably unless he allows society to have its way in the choice of subjects of conversation and as regards the manner in which they should be treated. The minister in society is tempted to secure his position by deference to the standard that is there ruling; in a word to make himself agreeable. In the pulpit he may preach that self-complacency is the bane of the soul; that true spiritual health is only to be obtained by the abandonment of self-satisfaction, the renunciation of self-confidence, the sense of moral ruin; if, in his private intercourse with people he does or says nothing that conflicts with their self-complacency and worldliness, does this conduct help men to profit by his pulpit exortations or does it not rather tend to produce a contrary effect? He preaches that the pleasures of the passing moment, so engrossing to men, are of not the slightest value compared with those which God has prepared for his people, and that it is necessary for the mind to be detached from the former in order that it may earnestly and successfully seek the latter; if now in his private intercourse he encourages them in giving their

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attention to the pleasures of the hour, will his preaching be likely to accomplish its end?

The New Testament has not left us without instruction with regard to the ministers of Christ, what manner of men they should be. The Epistles to Timothy and that to Titus are largely taken up with this subject. We content ourselves with a single extract. Paul says to Titus: "In all things shewing thyself a pattern of good works; in doctrine showing uncorruptness, gravity, sincerity, sound speech that cannot be condemned; that he that is of the contrary part may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of you." The minister, the missionary should be a pattern man; his life should be the best illustration of the requirements of the Gospel which he preaches. He is called to declare that except a man forsake all that he hath he cannot be Christ's disciple; that he must take up his cross to follow Jesus; let it then be manifest to all that the preacher has denied himself and taken up his cross and finds his joy in God.

INFANTICIDE.

The terrible servitude to which Custom condemns the people of this country, is strikingly exhibited in some statistics regarding infanticide in a province of upper India which have just been published. When Hindoos hear of the horrors of the slave trade as it was formerly conducted, they are doubtless ready to thank God that they are not as others in respect to such atrocities. But the greater part of them are in bondage to a master whose control is so absolute that they cannot refuse at his bidding to commit atrocities as great as those of the slave trade. This tyrant Custom says, Marry your children in infancy and lavish money without stint upon the ceremony; and rather than disobey the command parents are prepared to slaughter the very children that God has given them. Up to this very moment there is a considerable region of country where three out of four of all the girls born in some castes, three out of five of the entire number born, are put to death. The following extracts are from an article in the *Friend of India*, based upon a Report made by a N. W. Civilian whom Government had deputed to make enqtiries on the subject:

"Were not indisputable facts and authenticated statistics regarding the extent to which female infants are massacred put before us, we should indignantly deny that in a district so accessible as Bustee and which has enjoyed the advantages of British rule from the first year of the present century, the houses should be floored with skulls and the tanks choked with infants' bones. A large portion of the district is in fact a vast charnel house, and the wholesale murder of infant daughters is merely an ordinary domestic arrangement.

"The Bustee district is inhabited by broken clans of Rajpoots who, since the arm of the law extended to their country, and especially since the Mutiny, have fallen into great poverty. This, united with the indomitable pride of the Rajpoot, has rooted the practice of infanticide deeper among the people of Bustee than in other parts of the North West and Oudh, and has led them to sacrifice their offspring rather than preserve the girls to form alliances which their fathers would have deemed degrading.

"The iniquitous system of marriage expenses affords too plain an explanation of the motives which lead to the destruction of female offspring. The average cost of a Goutum marriage is Rs. 300, but individuals who could ill afford such an outlay, confess to having spent sums of Rs. 500 and Rs. 800 on a wedding. Buddhun Sing of Sheoyore, a Kulhan, spent a thousand rupees, and the average expenditure of his tribe exceeds Rs. 200."

Truly, this is an appalling picture. In a region where everything seemed to say 'peace and safety,' 'the houses are floored with skulls and the tanks choked with infants' bones.' Forty or fifty years ago there was a large part of India where this crime prevailed frightfully; but we had flattered ourselves that the measures taken and the feeling manifested by the English rulers had put a stop to the systematic and extensive slaughter of infants. An evil that has its root in a custom so unyielding as that of Infant-marriage is not easily extirpated. In the province in question, the thing is flagrant, patent and of gigantic proportions, little or nothing having been done by Government hitherto to put a stop to the evil; but there is too much reason to believe that the same considerations which sear the consciences of the Rajpoots in Bustee, influence with fatal results a great many in all parts of the country. The numbers immolated before the car of Juggernaut were not to be compared, we fancy, with those whose breath is extinguished upon the threshold of life, throughout India, from dread of marriage expenses. From first to last what ruth and ruin wait upon this custom of early marriages. A certain proportion of all the daughters born are immolated the moment they begin to live; of the rest almost all are greeted with curses and regarded as a scourge and a blight; married in infancy to boys of whose qualities as men no one can possibly know any thing, and who if they live are to have absolute power over their wives; these often widowed in infancy and condemned to perpetual widowhood; in many instances urged by ill-treatment to seek refuge in a life of immorality; the terrible record often ending as it begins, with infanticide.

It is not enough that this crime of infanticide should be branded as it deserves to be, and the people of this country educated to regard it with detestation. The fearful tyranny of Custom, of which it is one fruit, should be distinctly apprehended as something that must be destroyed if the kingdom of God is to come in the land. It has hitherto been allowed to give laws regarding all things, religious duties, worship, morality, to determine what shall be feared, what hated, what desired, what believed; but it is a usurper, occupying the place that belongs to truth. 'He that committeth sin is the servant of sin; the truth shall make you free.'

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

"My Lord and my God." John xx. 28.

It is common to speak of the Apostle Thomas as a type of unbelievers. From this expression of his faith he might the rather be called the pattern of believers.

To be sure he was slow in receiving testimony. He declined to accept the sayings of his brother disciples, as proof of an event which he and they also had regarded as an impossibility only a few hours before, and which was still inconceivable to him. He desired to have the same proof that the others had. He would investigate the matter in a proper way.

Some of the disciples say, *we* have seen the Lord, others say, He has been seen by Peter and by the woman who were early at the sepulchre. This is all the proof we need. In due time perhaps He may appear to us also. Thomas replies, let me see Him too, and I shall be as ready to acknowledge him as you are. There may be some illusion. The angels have appeared to the women and they may have supposed it was our Lord. But that He should appear to them seems impossible, and I need a personal conviction of the truth of the statement. He was wrong in not believing the witness of his fellow-disciples. He was careless in forgetting the saying of his Lord, that so it must be, a saying repeated more than once. He also failed to understand the Scriptures which spoke of the same thing. But we now look at him, not as a doubter, but one who has "seen the Lord." And may we, accepting the truth as it is made manifest to us, be partakers of the blessedness our Lord speaks of: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

But when, on the second occasion, Thomas sees for himself that the Lord whom he loved and trusted even to death is actually alive, he accepts the truth most readily. He sees his Lord and hears his welcome voice, and he forgets all about his philosophical investigation. He asks no longer to put his finger upon the mark of the nails, and to probe the wound made by the spear in his side. He exclaims with a faith which is recorded of him alone, "My Lord and my God."

It is probable that there was something in the appearance of Christ after he rose, in the form there standing before him, that suggested to Thomas the impropriety of a farther search. And to him there was no need. His Lord was there with him in bodily form. He saw him, heard him, and rejoiced that He was now alive for evermore. How could he doubt? It would seem to his believing soul an impertinence to suggest the need of any farther proof.

It made no difference to him that there were thousands then in Jerusalem who felt just as he had done, that no evidence could prove such a fact as that a dead man should live again. His faith did not rest on the beliefs or the sayings of other men. He needed not that others should join him, and believe as he did, in order that he might feel secure in his faith.

Nor did it make a difference with him that others, his fellow-disciples, were believing in the glorious fact from other grounds of evidence. Some might believe because Peter had seen Him. Hundreds might accept the testimony of those who were more privileged than themselves. He would simply say, "My Lord." It would be the same to him if no one believed. The number of those who believed made no difference in regard to his own belief.

This faith of Thomas' is the true receiving of the Lord Jesus, who was "delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification." He must be such to us that we can say of Him, "My Lord." It is not enough for us to speak of, and think of, Him as the Lord of all who call themselves Christians. We must have a personal relation to Him, such as is implied in this language.

It was not all the seed of Abraham that were Israel. So now it is not those who are called Christians, nor those who have been educated as such, that are in this true relation to Christ. We may have a general idea of His offices and work, of His glory and power. Many may call Him Lord, and bow at His name, from a general religious conception,

or because they have been so taught. But they may at the same time be far from feeling any special need of Christ, or from having any sense of their duty to, and relation to Him. Each one needs the experience, in whatever way attained, by which he shall call Jesus, "My Lord and my God."

The true believer receives Christ on the evidence which satisfies him. It is equally satisfactory that others accept the same Lord, though they may not relate a similar experience as the ground of their hope. His faith is the same, and he regards all who have the like precious faith as his brethren. Though all the world may reject this Jesus, yet Thomas knows that He is risen from the dead. He can go forth alone, far from his fellow-disciples and preach the Saviour of sinners among the dark-minded of the earth, for he has the witness in himself.

The worker for Christ needs this faith. The applause of the world is nothing to him, the agreement of the world with his views and his labours is of little worth. He may pray for companions who shall be like-minded, but even if they are not forth-coming his course is clear. The truth which he has known, is his support. He can testify of that as of utmost consequence to others. His banner bears no strange device of man's ingenuity. His motto is no catch word of party. His faith is a genuine going forth of the soul to a God at hand. "My Lord and my God." MITRA.

CHRIST'S VERITIES;

OR

THE "VERILY VERILY'S" OF OUR LORD.—XXV.

"FOR VERILY *I say unto you, That many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see and have not seen them,; and to hear those things which ye hear and have not heard them.*" Matt. XIII. 17.

There is a tendency to magnify the privileges of those who lived at a period long anterior to ours. It is generally connected with a very decided disposition to find objects of reverence. In some the principle of veneration has a morbid development; they are only happy when they are mentally and morally at the feet of some one. Veneration is a legitimate and most important faculty of the mind; but we are not to take it for granted that its action is always salutary. It has participated in the damage sustained by all our faculties, in the fall; and until subordinated to the guidance of the Holy Spirit is sure to mislead us. It appears to be radically different from selfishness, and therefore some leap to the conclusion that it must be, in all its exercises, good. But sin is the preference of something finite to the Creator; selfishness is the preference of self, and is just one form of sin; but we may sin as grievously by giving undue honor to some other creature. You may defend it by pleading the merits of this fellow-creature, his superiority to yourself. But he who has commanded you to love him with all the heart and soul, has solemnly declared that there is none good beside him, that he is the the source of all that is admirable and alone entitled to the honor of it. 'What hast thou that thou hast not received?' And the time of judgment is not yet. The last day will take from a thousand objects the worthiness that man has attributed to them, and many that have been utterly overlooked, shall be seen radiant with glory. The seraphim veil their faces; they refuse to be seen of worshippers, that God alone may be exalted. Earth shall have no portrait of them. The four and twenty elders on thrones about the throne of God and of the Lamb, fall prostrate and cast down their crowns that no one may give honor save unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

There are myriads in the world, yes, in the Christian world, whose religion is nothing more or less than a morbid veneration. It is a very sweet and comforting thought to them that they are not as other men are, self-honoring and self-seeking; their delight is to humble themselves before the great and good; they are not stiff-necked, they know how to prostrate themselves before that which is worthy of reverence. Humility, reverence, self-abnegation, are precious things and every way enriching to the mind; but there are counterfeits of these gifts as there are of others. The Spirit of God guides the believer by taking of Christ and showing unto him; his aim first and last is to glorify Christ. The Gospel does not give us bits of the cross and pieces of Christ's apparel, or send us on pilgrimage to the place of his sepulchre, to this day unknown. It does not teach us to prostrate ourselves before the piety of antiquity, or to supplant the image of self that we may enshrine in its place an earthly priest. If we talk of the fathers and make our boast of tradition, and gaze with awe upon a church 15 centuries old, and visit the tombs of martyrs, and exalt the power and holiness of the reputed saints of antiquity, the Gospel says to us, The word is nigh thee, even in thy heart and in thy mouth: that if thou wilt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus Christ and believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. One is your Master even Christ.

Much of this morbid reverence proceeds from want of faith. Thou shalt never wash my feet, said Peter. Men are staggered by the offer of God to give them all for nothing; and think it becoming to say, We will take only this which lies a little beyond our merit. This little merit of theirs is (if they but knew it) an insult flung in the face of God. The word is nigh thee and in that word is all that pertains to life and godliness; nigh to thee, sinner; and the only condition imposed is, that thou shouldst let go all that trashy merit of thine and take the pearl of great price. Thou thinkest it modesty and lowliness to have so little merit; but it is blasphemous to have *any*. Know thy utter demeritoriousness, and thou wilt know that none but Christ, the Son of God, can wash thy feet. To deny thyself and have in reverence Chrysostom, Augustine, St. Bernard, Pusey, the Pope, a bishop, a priest, a crumb, a drop, a garment, a house with aisles and arches, a form of prayer, a method of worship, a ritual, a collection of hymns, an organ, a cross, this is not the religion of the Gospel.

Polarity is a tendency to operate in two opposite directions. This is a quality of the minds which are characterized by this morbid veneration. But that which is positive in one direction is negative in another. According to the veneration felt for the objects which it has canonized, is the repulsion felt by the mind for others. But it will generally be found that among these repelled objects are many that are dear to Christ, many that can only be rejected with hazard of his love.

When the Son of God was in the world, there were men actually engaged in building and garnishing the sepulchres of prophets, under the idea that there was nothing living so holy as the tombs of these dead men; while the divinely inspired words of those prophets, had they heeded them, would have pointed them to the Saviour of the world and the Lord of all, then actually in the midst of them. They heard Christ speak and saw him perform his marvellous works and went forth to gather contributions for the holy and meritorious work of adorning the sepulchres of the prophets. Their generation is not extinct. But to whom said Christ, Beware of their leaven? To his disciples, his apostles. Is there any of this leaven with you or with me? Do we esteem the word of God above thousands of gold and silver? "Is the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, shining in our hearts?"

NOTES FROM AN INTERLEAVED BIBLE.

PSALM CX. 3. The day for Christ's power to be manifested, is the day when his people shall be *willing*, his for love's sake alone. As the Jews were looking for an earthly kingdom, so Christians, as soon as they declined from apostolic simplicity, and ever since, have sought to introduce the elements of an earthly kingdom into the church, bringing earthly authority and national wealth to influence men. When all coercion, and all considerations of a worldly character addressed to the hopes and fears of men, are taken away, and men are drawn to the Gospel by the Gospel's own offers alone, then shall it be a day of Christ's power. The Church is now like David with Saul's armour on, with this difference that she has not faith to see that the armour is a mere encumbrance.—From the *womb* of the morning. I am inclined to trace a parallel between this verse and Rev. XII. 5, 6. 10. Thy youth: referring to the primitive and apostolic church. —Probably there has never been a body of men more consecrated, more believing, having more of the mind of the Lord, than the apostles and those like-minded companions; and, consequently, that there has never been a more prevalent volume of prayer than that which then ascended, for the coming of Christ's coming in glory. If we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth, and if he heareth we know we have the petitions. We have them in the purpose of God, to be manifested when the wisdom of God decrees. The representation in Rev. XII. is to the effect that those prayers are answered in the purpose of God, the manifestation being yet in the future. The man-child at the right hand of God, is just for the purpose of linking, to our apprehensions, the apostolic prevalency and the future manifestation.

5. Day of his wrath: same as in Rev. VI. At thy righthand: Whose? Messiah's. But Messiah is at the Lord's right hand. The expression is simply symbolical. Messiah's cause is God's. He that rejecteth me rejecteth him that sent me.

6. The heathen must first have the opportunity of hearing about him. This Gospel must first be preached in all the world for a witness and then shall the end (described in Rev. XIX.) come.

7. Men think not that the humble rivulet of the Gospel can give strength to overcome the world. Having himself been tempted Christ is able to succour them that are tempted.

CXI. 3 His work is honorable and glorious: too many study the works of God or (as they prefer to call it) science with a view to their own honor and glory. Many study even the words of God with a view to this. Perhaps they obtain what they seek; but they miss the great treasure which is hidden in both the works and words of God.

4. The Lord allows us to plead his gracious acts of former times as arguments for his interposition now.

8. They stand fast for ever: opportunity is first given for the kingdoms and institutions of this world to show their inability to endure, the hollowness of their foundations. Then the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands smites them and fills the earth.

10. A good understanding have they that do them: not the hearing of the word but the doing

of it is blessed. The understanding that does not incline a man to obedience, may be the marvel of the age. it simply betrays the man to his ruin

CXII. 5. A good man showeth favor: favors others before himself. A good man is discreet, says the Psalmist; is it always so? It ought to be; the good man is one taught of God and a teachable scholar, and, above all men, is in the way to learn discretion. But not worldly wisdom. The discretion here spoken of, is that which teaches us to have an open hand toward the needy. The most indiscreet thing a man can do is to put his treasure in the wrong place, where he may lose his hold of it. Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven. 9.

Correspondence.

ADVANTAGES OF COLPORTAGE.

To the Editor of the "Bombay Guardian."

DEAR SIR,—The Report of the Bombay Tract and Book Society for 1868 states, that while the number of publications printed during the year amounted to 125,610, the circulation was only 81,967. During the previous year the issues amounted to 91,780. The Report indicates the cause. "The diminution in the sale of Vernacular tracts is owing, no doubt, to the fact that a smaller number of Colporteurs have been receiving aid from the Society than was the case in the previous year." Permit me to state one or two acts corroborative of the above remark.

Colporteurs are employed in the circulation of the *Scriptures* all over India; but as far as I am aware, no *Tract* Society makes use of this agency except in the Bombay Presidency. Mainly on this account the comparative circulation of tracts and the proceeds of vernacular sales are much greater in Western India than in other parts of the country. Taking the number of Missionaries (European and American) according to the last statistical tables of Dr. Mullens, the following results are obtained. In 1867 sixty-five missionaries in Bengal circulated 69,131 vernacular publications, or the proceeds of sales amounting to Rs. 207. This gives an average circulation to each missionary of 1,064 tracts and books; proceeds of sales, Rs. 3.3. In the Mahratta country, last year 33 missionaries circulated 81,967 publications, the average to each being 2,484,—more than double the number in Bengal. The Gujarat Missionaries, however, have taken up colportage still more warmly than those in the Mahratta country, and last year eight missionaries put 43,753 tracts and books into circulation by sale, the average being 5,469. The vernacular sales in Guzerat during 1867 amounted to Rs. 600, nearly threefold the sales in Bengal.

While undoubtedly facilities for sales vary in different parts of the country, far more depends upon the Colporteur himself. One Colporteur sometimes sells ten fold as many books as another in precisely the same field. If a Missionary finds that one man does not succeed, let him try another and another.

The Bombay Tract Society affords Missionaries the most liberal aid in the employment of Colporteurs (see page 8 of last Report). They should be regarded as an essential part of mission agency, equally with the catechist and schoolmaster.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN MURDOCH.

Ceylon, 20th April 1869

LAST HOURS OF A BELIEVER.

(COMMUNICATED).

Saturday, February 9th, 1867. Conscious of the near approach of death, and having learned the doctor's opinion that it might occur at any moment, M.'s first question to his dearest friends was, "Do you know the real state of the case?"

On one occasion, being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "And which do *you* think is best, to *stay* or to *go*?" adding, that he was not *sure* at *first*, but *now* thought it was best to *go*, because it was the Father's will. His friend agreeing with him, M. replied, "Oh! I *am* glad you think so too."

A slight quivering of the lip seemed to indicate suffering, and he was asked. "Is there pain when you do that?" His answer was, "A little;" then after another quiver, longer and more violent than the former, he said, "I was wrong just now to say, '*A little*,' I should have said '*A good deal*,' and went on to remark that it was God who enabled him to endure suffering with so much patience.

The repetition of the Thirtieth Scripture Paraphrase at this part of the conversation seemed to comfort and cheer him much; he joined in several of the verses as far as his strength would permit. Suitable passages of Scripture, such as, 1 John 3. 2. always elicited a ready response; sometimes he would take up the language and complete the verses quoted, at other times, a hearty, "*Ay*," or, "That *is* nice," would mark his satisfaction.

A little later in the day, thinking of some arrangement of his room necessary when the end should have come, he requested that it might be set about at once, adding, very calmly but with great solemnity, "You need not ask '*Why*'? when you know that there's no longer a '*Now*'.

When told that his father was expected next morning, he said he should like to speak to him but feared he might not be able as he felt very weak. When asked what message he should like conveyed to his father, his answer was, as usual, that he might be made aware of the true state of the case, as the truth was best. In answer to the remark, "I'll tell him you are quite happy," he observed, "I don't know what he may think about that; but Mr. Kelman has been visiting me frequently of late, and he has spoken to me a good deal about my state. He says, there is *nothing* to *do*, that *all* is *done*, that Jesus did *all*, and we have just to *believe* that, and *trust all* to Him," adding, that he thought he *had* been enabled to cast all care on Him, and to trust everything to Him.

He requested that this might be reported to those who were entitled to hear it.

Between the spasms of the cough, which were very frequent, he wished to talk of his end, and on one occasion while thus engaged, being asked, "How do you feel in the prospect" he answered quickly, and with a smile, "Oh, but Mr. Kelman tells me it's not a matter of *feeling*, any more than a matter of *doing*, it's altogether a matter of *trusting*, and *feelings* as well as *works* must be cast aside," adding, as before, that he thought he had now left all matters of feeling behind, and cast everything on Jesus.

At another time, speaking on the same subject, he contrasted the uncertainty of the fulfilment o the best earthly prospects with the certainty of eternal happiness above, and asked again, "Which is best?" responding earnestly when it was remarked, "To *die* is gain."

About this time the Rev. I. G. Mackintosh called to see him, and spoke and prayed with him as already in the 'dark valley;' and to him also he said he had committed all to Jesus.

While dwelling with most satisfaction on portions of the written word, and verses of psalms or paraphrases, his own choice invariably turning to Scripture itself, he also enjoyed occasionally a verse of a gospel hymn. One beginning "Jesus, Refuge of my soul," pleased him much; as also the hymn, "Just as I am," one verse of which he particularly liked.

> "Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
> "Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
> "Because thy promise I believe—'Oh Lamb of God,' I come."

Figurative language was natural to him, and he spoke of spiritual desires as "thirst," and of their fulfilment as "drinking" His nurse made frequent reference to a passage of Scripture which seemed to form the rule of her own life, "Be ye kindly affectioned one to another," and on one occasion, having his attention called to it he remarked, "Ay, that's a *kindly* one, but it won't do to *drink* at," and then added, "Try rather that other, "Peace I leave with you," *that* will do."

During Sabbath, Feb. 10th, he was very weak and talked little; but when allowed to lie quiet for any considerable time would ask to be spoken to. At such times nothing seemed to please or suit him so much as texts which spoke of the love of God, justification through the blood of Christ, or the bliss of Heaven. A single passage was more soothing than a chapter, though he sometimes asked to be read to, and generally preferred having the selection made for him. Psalm CIII. and Rev. XXII. were among those chosen. Psalm XC. having been read to him in prose, he asked to have a *suitable* metrical psalm chosen which he might repeat himself. The CXXI was named, and, after asking, "Do you think it is suitable for my case?" he repeated it, and then joined by his own desire in saying aloud the 23rd Psalm, the last verse of which he afterwards very frequently repeated.

About 9 P.M. he expressed a wish to speak to his Father, but when he saw him at his bedside, a fit of great weakness came on, which lasted two hours. Feeling conscious of extreme exhaustion, he said, "Tell me, do you think I am within the borders of Immanuel's Land? for if I am, I don't want to speak any more." He was not able to speak till about 11., when his strength rallied, and he had short, refreshing sleeps till 1 P.M., after which there were two hours of extreme restlessness, when nothing gave any relief. It was a time when those present felt constrained to '*be still.*'

A gracious cessation of this suffering was granted him in answer to silent, fervent prayers; and one who had watched with him through several nights of weakness and pain said, "You are better now." His reply was, "Ay, the candle's burning again." His friend remarked "You are going to get a sleep. I am going to the other room to try to sleep too, and nurse will tell me if you become worse; but He may come at any moment and I may never see you again, but I'll know that you are with Jesus. Is He with you now?" He replied earnestly, "Oh! Yes!" And when urged to pray that He would be with him to the end, and with his friend too he rejoined heartily, "Yes, of course. "His friend turning to leave the room, said, "Then Good-night, and try to sleep," when he immediately exclaimed with such perfect calmness and distinctness as to be heard by all in the room, "Good-night! All depends now on the Lord holding me both soul and body with His own strong right hand for evermore. Good-night!"

Refreshing, and almost uninterrupted sleep was granted him till 7 A. M. and on its being remarked, "So giveth He his beloved sleep," he responded with his usual hearty, "Ay," and, to the observation, "You are some better to-day," he said, "Yes, and in the wilderness still."

The recollection of the suffering and exhaustion of the previous night produced in his mind an evident fear respecting the final struggle. A letter was being written to his mother, and he was asked if he had any message to send her; his answer was, "Give mother my kind love, tell her father will soon be home, tell her there are two struggles over but there's one to come yet." To the response, Do you think so?" he replied, "There must be, you know," and the answer, "Perhaps not," seemed to pass unnoticed.

In reference to this fear, loving, earnest prayer was again offered in his behalf, and promises were repeated to him, that God would keep him in perfect peace whose mind was stayed on Him, and similar comforting assurances. Gradually he became less anxious, and with a child-like faith, believed that the answer would be given. During the forenoon Mr. Mackintosh again called, and seeing him so weak, thought it better not to talk to him. He merely asked, "Are you still happy in Jesus? still trusting in him?" He said, "Yes, the Rock." Mr. Mackintosh was told that he had been fearing a last struggle, and was requested to ask that there might not be one. He prayed, very sweetly, that "Jesus would smooth the dying pillow and make the stormy passage as easy as may be." As he concluded, he asked M. if he had understood and followed him. M. said he had, and thanked him. And to the remark, "Now, you see there won't be any struggle," he replied, "Will there not? and being answered, "No, there won't," he said, with the faith of a little child, "Ay, very well." There was no struggle, and the possibility of it seemed, never again to occur to him; but he repeatedly asked to be told when the end was thought to have come, expressing a wish to be raised up in bed to meet "*The King*." This wish was quite consistent with his views of reverence, but he willingly waived it when shown that it was unnecessary and unadvisable from his weakness. A portion from Macduff's "Morning Watches," that for the 10th morning, was read to him on the Monday, and when the second paragraph, which contains a confession of distrust of God's providence, and insensibility to His love, was being read, he remarked, "That is not suitable now;" yet when it was proposed to omit that part he preferred to hear it all; but the last part pleasing him much, he said, "*That is very nice.*"

In the evening he requested that some Scripture cards which had been given him should be arranged so that he might see them as he lay. He chose as "*suitable*" those two, "Peace I leave with you," and "Continue in Prayer," and having had them conveniently disposed, said, "Now, let them stay there as long as I can see, a fellow may get a drink at them sometimes." Many times did he look at them evidently drinking spiritual comfort from the thoughts they suggested.

God's presence was plainly with him, soothing all bodily uneasiness, as well as supplying every needed grace. Twice during the last morning of

his life, he was speedily delivered from some spiritual perplexity. It was not judged wise to inquire as to the nature of these, but it was matter of praise, that if led into temptation he was so triumphantly delivered from the evil. On the first of these occasions, after a period of silence, the following conversation took place: He remarked, "Do you know Solomon had an accusation against me just now?"

Ans. "Oh, never mind Solomon, a wiser than Solomon is here. Solomon may accuse but he cannot condemn."

M. "No, I don't think he can.

Ans. "No, he cannot. 'There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.'"

M. "No! He that believeth is not condemned, (alluding to John III. 18 to which Mr. Kelman had directed his attention) and I believe," then playfully, "So I don't think I'm quarter condemned."

Ans. "No, no, you're not condemned a bit."

Shortly after this, he requested that the eighth chapter of Romans should be read to him, and he listened with eager attention to the few verses selected, but was too weak to hear much.

The second deliverance referred to occurred when strength was fast sinking. He opened his eyes, and said in a whisper, "The enemy was here just now for a moment, I did not observe it at first, but the *Prince* did, and put him down, and all is calm again."

Some time after, the fifty-first and twenty-seventh Psalms were read aloud by his desire. These were his own selecting.

He was fond of music, and as it was observed that once, while seeming to slumber, he was somewhat restless, the hymn "Heaven is my Home" was quietly sung to him, and, appearing to soothe him, it was followed by the last two verses of the hymn—"I lay my sins on Jesus." The benefit derived from this was so obvious, that recourse was had to the same expedient at a later stage, at an hour indeed when earth and time seemed possibly shut out for ever; the nurse was asked to join in the singing of the verse—

"Oh, may we stand before the Lamb."

It was sung to the tune 'Coleshill,' and when it was finished, he said, "Very nice! Sing another, but let it be more *cheerful*." A cheerful air was sung to the 4th ver. of Ps. xlvi. and he said with animation, "Sing another!" Then instantly, with his usual consideration for others, "No, don't, you've sung enough for my gratification. Take a rest now." No more was sung. The purpose had been served, more might have proved too exciting

Life was now ebbing fast, and, in order to ease the breathing, the Doctor had allowed a few drops of ether to be put in the wine-and-water with which the lips were moistened. He at once detected its presence, and said, "You have put spirits in that." He was told how it was, and said he would prefer the ether without the wine. A short time afterwards he asked the ether to be discontinued, and water only to be administered. In health he spoke of the awfulness of going into the presence of God in a state of greater or less stupefaction, and preferred rather to be without the relief which opiates might afford.

As he lay apparently too weak to be conscious, he once more said, "Speak." The only words present to the mind of the friend who was with him were those of our blessed Lord, "Our Father which art in heaven, &c.," and in these, though unable to utter a sound, he joined, going on to the 'Amen,' then said, "Now, shake hands and say, 'Good-bye.'"

This was the last prolonged effort of speech. Once again he spoke, to say, "The border of light is becoming well defined now." The curtain of the bed was raised, and he was asked, "Does that make any difference?" He answered, "Oh, no." It was evidently a light no human eye can see, till it behold the "Land that is very far off" which was dawning on his view.

His favourite lines—"Goodness and mercy all my life," etc. were often whispered in his ear, and, while strength remained, he continued to move his lips as he mentally joined in them.

A smile lighting up the face for a moment marked the end."

Dear reader, what a solemn thing it is to die, yet what a more solemn thing it is in some respects to *live*, seeing the good hope, the trust, the holy character, and the Holy Spirit who works these in the mind, can only be got here, in this world and whilst we live under these skies. Therefore attend to the one thing needful *now*, for there is no getting, "Thy sins are forgiven thee" in eternity, if these sins of thine are not eternally blotted out *here*. This young man rested his hope for many years on the Saviour and though this trouble came suddenly upon him it did not separate him from his Saviour, it but showed how real was the union betwixt his soul and his Saviour. Nay, as the fires glowed and burned on in his furnace they not only revealed the genuineness but the intensity of his simple trust in and love to the Saviour. Reader, we joy in him and the victory which he has achieved; shall thy friends have the like joy—when thou diest—over thee? To lose a loved friend suddenly called to glory, is a trial, but it is sweet comfort to know that such has gone to glory; but what solace, what comfort will thy friends have if thou diest unsaved, unconverted, without the holy character which fits for Heaven? And if there be none with them concerning thee in such a case, is it, not certain, as certain as God's word can make it that there will be anything but comfort and happiness in thee? Yea, the very *promises* of the Bible that are bursting with blessings for thee now will lose their comforting and sin-eradicating power in eternity, and become to thee (through thy memory bringing them back as witnesses for God) as full of misery as on earth they were full of love. This record which you have read is very encouraging. One soul is saved, why, may not yours be saved? Hear what God says "You will find me when you will search for me with all your heart." "Seek and you shall find." "Whoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Have I any pleasure in the death of the wicked?" asks God, and He answers, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Oh sinner turn you, turn you, for why will you die? Look not to me (as if God had said) for the *reason* of your damnation, if you are lost. If damnation comes to you it will come from yourself. Oh, then be dumb to the great God no longer, speak to Him, pray to Him, make these words thine own, "Oh, God, create in me a clean heart," "God be merciful to me, a sinner," and thus coming and thus dealing with thy God thou wilt know Him in his gracious extension of mercy to thee, for what is it to know God in his power without us, if we have never tasted His *grace* within?

Epitome of News.

SATURDAY, April 24, 1869.

—A correspondent has sent us an article from *The Watchman*, regarding the proposal made in the York Convocation for an attempt to bring about "a brotherly reconciliation between the Wesleyan body and the Church of England." We have no space for the article, but give the following extracts: "It is assumed that the Methodists have a quarrel with the Church of England. But they have no such quarrel. Many of them were, it is true, put out of the Church long ago; many more, when they were essaying to enter in, were frowned out; many others have kept out because, without unfriendliness, they 'have judged the Church pastures and parterres not to be to their taste. But they have not been angry with the Church; they have cherished no quarrel; and they need no 'brotherly reconciliation.' Churchmen have nothing to do but to *be* friendly. Only the Methodists have now got their own home. They cannot break up house and go back again to where their grandparents came from. There is no need, on the part of the Methodists, of 'brotherly reconciliation;' what is wanted is brotherly union and intercommunion, whilst each Church retains its integrity. We fear resolutions in Convocation will never of themselves secure this. As matters stand, therefore, Methodists have nothing whatever to say about the matter. All the world knows that they desire to be 'the friends of all, the enemies of none.' They are not less disposed to brotherly intercourse with Anglican Churchmen than with Evangelical Dissenters. But they have of themselves no power to roll away the stone of offence, or to break down the wall of partition."

"The Archdeacon of Lindisfarne moves in this matter year after year. We do not for a moment question the purity of his motives. But we must tell him that the argument by which this year as last he enforces his appeal to his brother clergy could not but be fatal to the success of his embassage if he were to come with any overtures to the Methodist Conference. He assigns as his reason for seeking to promote union between the Church and the Methodists that such union would raise Methodism 'from a sect to a Church, with an episcopal government and an apostolical succession.' Ah! there it is. The secret is out. These loving High-Churchmen long after an impossible union, a union on the basis of 'apostolical succession,' with the acknowledgment that the bishops sit in the apostles' seats. It is trying to find that nothing will convince these High Churchmen of the impossibility, the absurdity, the affront, which, to the views of a Methodist, all such proposals as these cannot but carry in their very face. Methodists simply detest and denounce the dogma of Apostolical Succession as the very leaven of heathen Popery. Dean M'Neile's wise words bearing on this point should be weighed by Churchmen.

—Mr. E. C. Bayley has been appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University.

—Mr. Cooper is about to attempt to reach China via Assam.

—*Times of India*: The success of the East Indian Railway is manifested by the fact that its receipts have at last reached those of the Great Northern Railway of England. It is fast making its way in this respect to the head of the railways constructed with English capital. The *Englishman* informs us that during the past fourteen weeks of the current year the earnings of the East India main line exceeded the receipts for the same period of last year by upwards of £10,000 per week.

—*Overland Mail*, April 2: "The national revenue return for the quarter ending March 31 shows a large improvement on last year.—The Easter Monday Volunteer Review at Dover was not as successful as ordinarily. The weather was unfavourable.—H. M. S. *Ferret* was wrecked at Dover Pier on the morning of the Review.—It has been announced by Ministers in the French Chamber that the Government does not intend to be neutral at the elections.—The electoral law of Portugal has been modified; the new Chamber is to consist of 107 members instead 179.—A terrible fire has devastated hundreds of miles in the Cape Colony.—The Rev. W. G. Cowie, formerly chaplain to the late Bishop of Calcutta, is appointed Bishop of New Zealand.—The man Sheward, charged with the murder of his wife at Norwich eighteen years ago, has been found guilty.—There has been another colliery explosion near Wigan. Twenty-eight lives were lost.—Amongst the deaths recorded this week are Admiral Russell, General J. Morgan, C. B. Major-General Travers, C. B., Captain Dew, R. N., C. B, Captain Young, R. N., V. C., Lieutenant-Colonel A. Harrison, Madras N. I. Lieutenant-Colonel Sleigh, Major F. A. Griffiths, R. A., Captain H. B. Bax, and F. Copleston, Madras retired.—Dr. Cumming lectured on Good Friday in his own church, on the words 'Earthquakes in divers places.' After reading extracts from the newspapers detailing the effects of the earthquakes which have visited various parts of the world since the beginning of 1867, he went on to say that material convulsions were always accompanied by great social changes; and when, in addition to such startling material phenomena as had lately occurred, we remembered the prodigious preparations for war being made on every hand, as well as other signs of the times both at home and abroad, we might be assured that we were on the eve of a tremendous change, which was no other than that spoken of by the prophet Haggai—'Yet a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land.'"

—In consequence of the removal of the High Court and other public offices to Allahabad, the St. Paul's Church at Agra is to be closed.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Why should we not keep to the ancient form of architecture as much as possible in our public buildings? So much has been said about the hot and hideous structures in Bombay, that we need say no more; yet surely the beautiful models in Beejapore, Ahmedabad, Agra, and Lucknow, might be studied and imitated with advantage. We want more show, if not solid-show, at any rate harmless outward display. The people are children as yet; let us treat them as children a while, instead of forcing their ideas and associations in the paths of usefulness and ugliness. They have in old times produced buildings of rare beauty, why should we not encourage them to do so still?"

—In Scotland 97 per cent of the children are vaccinated, and there were only 25 deaths from small-pox last year. We had four times that number in Bombay alone last week. The Regis-

trar-General says that just in proportion to the size of the town is the annual proportion of its births, deaths, and marriages; that, as a general rule, the larger the town is the greater is the proportion of its births, deaths, and marriages; and that as the towns get smaller the proportions of each and all of these diminish till they merge in the low proportion peculiar to the rural districts.

—An influential committee has been formed for the purpose of endowing a bishopric in Madagascar, and for providing additional clergy in that island. The London Missionary Society sent missionaries to the island forty years ago, and there are at present 10,000 native Christians in the capital—Antananarivo. The present movement is made in connection with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

—Easter Day was celebrated at Madrid by the administration of the Holy Communion to as many as fifty Spanish Protestants. The telegram adds that such an occurrence has not taken place in Spain since the time of Philip II.

MONDAY,—April 26.

—*Friend of India*: "The work carried on among the Garos of Assam by Mr. Stoddard and his colleagues is still encouraging. During the past season 60 adults have been baptized. The Garo Christians are scattered through several villages a distance of some 35 miles along the base of their hills."

"The *Madras Mail* holds up Combaconum as the thirstiest town in Southern India. The upset rent of the Excise farm is Rs. 1,00,000. Government altogether derives a revenue of £150,000 per annum for allowing its subjects 'to be drunk on the premises.' Unless the Abkarry system in the Madras Presidency soon be made to undergo some very radical change, the extension of drinking habits among the masses and consequent increase of crime will counteract all the efforts that Government is putting forth by education and other civilizing agencies for their improvement."

—The Duke of Argyll, finding no opening for ung men in the civil service, placed his youngest n in a commercial house in the city in the tea ade.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "The irregular working of e telegraph between Galle and Bombay has beome a subject of grave complaint, and the curious facts connected with it require an explanation. We understand that information respecting the price of opium is commonly known in the bazaar sometimes before, and always immediately after, the arrival of the Steamer at Galle. How is it done? Who obtains priority and how is priority obtained?"

—Same: "We regret to have to announce the death of Veterinary Surgeon Phillips, 3rd K. O. Hussars, on the 21st instant from 'coup de soleil,' whilst out shooting at Beylapoor, about 36 miles from Ahmednugger."

—Mr. J. B. Peile, the lately appointed Director of Public Instruction, arrived in Bombay by the mail steamer on Saturday.

—*Pioneer*: "The Central India shooting party, which met at Augur on the 1st of the month, had up to the 12th instant bagged eight tigers, most of whom died game. Colonel Burrows, of the 15th Bombay N. I., nearly came in for a severe mauling from a wounded tiger, who managed to spring on to the elephant."

—The Government of the Cape of Good Hope has issued a *Gazette* Extraordinary, stating that they have "no positive information of the existence of gold in any quantities" in the Colony.

—In a storm which passed over the station of Dum Dum on the 2nd instant, between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, a soldier who was lying on his bed with his musket between his legs, was struck by lightning and killed instantaneously.

—The *Post* says that Sir Samuel Baker is about to return to Egypt to take command of an expedition organized by the Egyptian Government to suppress the slave trade on the White Nile and to establish Egyptian authority on a firm basis on the Southern position.

—The fall of a brick-kiln near Nawabgunge very severely injured Mr. McAdam and Mr. Campbell and killed two natives.

—*Bombay Gazette*; London: "The Rev. Mr. Lawder, of St. George's in the East, introduced on Good Friday an exact copy of the well known Roman Catholic service on 'The Way of the Cross.' He marched in procession with crucifixes, banners, and chanting choristers through the streets forming the bounds of his parish, and paused to discourse at each of the fourteen 'stations' which make up the 'Way of the Cross.' At another notorious Ritualistic temple, the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch, the officiating clergyman at one part of the service held up a crucifix, kissed it, and invited the congregation to do the same. Large numbers did so."

"An extreme Ritualist clergyman will ape with slavish emulation the most characteristic ceremonies of Rome, will run deliberately counter to his ordination vows, and break the solemn promise on the faith of which he had obtained position, emolument and prestige as a Minister of the National Church, and the law seems powerless to touch him. The truth is, the first thing we want is not a change in the law, for there can be little doubt what its meaning is, but a machinery for its prompt and cheap enforcement. If the Rev. F. G. Lee could be pulled up before the magistrate at Lambeth Police Court and fined forty shillings for a first offence, £10 for a second, and be sent to the Sessions for a third, the decision of the Privy Council would have a very different value in his eyes. As it is, unless the Church Association, which has a large subscribed capital for the purpose, thinks proper to prosecute him at an enormous expense, the Privy Council Judgment might as well not have been given at all. There is not another country in Europe where such a scandal would be tolerated for a moment."

"*Quieta non movere* is the motto of those who have climbed into snug possession of the prizes in the Church, and who naturally object to such a pleasant state of things being rudely shaken. The important suit against Mr. Bennett, of Frome, for teaching the doctrine of the Real Presence, is now in preparation. In this matter the late Bishop of London would not stir or take any steps till a *mandamus* from the Queen's Bench compelled him: the present bishop, Dr. Jackson, in like manner refused to act against another publication of Mr. Bennett, which the suit will be extended to embrace, and a *mandamus* is about to be applied for to compel him to do his duty. A nice state of matters truly, when the chief shepherds of the Chuch are dumb dogs, loving to slumber and refusing even to watch the wolves that are prowling around the fold. Before quitting this subject, I may add that the suit against Mr. Bennett will test the sincerity of the Ritualists, as nothing else has done. If the doctrine of the Real Presence be condemned, this party will be in the position of adherents of a Church which on their showing will not possess the one Catholic truth essential to salvation.'

—*Bombay Catholic Examiner*: "It is surprising that no notice has been taken of a remarkable decree issued by the Government of Portugal on Feb. 25 last, whereby slavery is abolished in all the Portuguese colonies."

—Mr. W. Tayler has been sentenced by the Bengal High Court to a fine of Rs. 500 and one month's imprisonment, for contempt of Court, in having assailed certain decisions of Mr. Justice Mitter in a newspaper.

TUESDAY—April 27.

—*Times of India*: "Some two months ago we announced the formation of the 'British India Submarine Telegraph Company, Limited,' for the construction of a submarine cable direct from Suez to Bombay. We have now to announce the arrival in Bombay of Mr Douglas Gibbs, manager of the Malta and Alexandria and the Alexandria, Cairo and Suez Telegraphs, to make preliminary arrangements in connection with this new line. Not the least important part of Mr. Gibbs' mission is the selection of a landing place for the shore end of the cable."

—"Mr. Wrottesley, Assistant Commissioner, Wurdah, left the Wurdah station for Sindee on Friday evening on a lorry, with the permanent way inspector, Mr. Barnes. On the way between the two stations they were run into by an engine which left Nagpore at 4-45 P. M. Mr. Wrottesley was killed, and the inspector had his left arm and leg so seriously injured as to render amputation necessary."

—The Prince Imperial of France became 13 years old on the 19th of March last.

—According to the *Saigon Courier*, the French Settlement is making rapid progress. For the three last months of 1868 the quantity of rice exported amounted to 22,521,240 kilogrammes. Six principal and two branch lines of telegraphs connect all the most important posts in Cochin-China. There are in all nineteen river cables, one extending to the Gulf of Siam *via* Hatien. It remains for us, therefore, to extend our lines through British Burmah to Siam, to put Saigon in communication with every part of India as well as with Europe. Considering that it is only ten years since Saigon was taken by the French, it must be admitted that the colony has made rapid strides.

WEDNESDAY,—April 28.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "Mr. Frank Henry Green having let his bungalow to several gentlemen, asked them at the last moment to permit him to leave a box on the premises. The request was readily granted, and it was a request which very few Anglo-Indians would have refused. The box stood at the time in a bath-room, but it was subsequently removed to a cellar. When Mr. Green returned he opened the box, found its contents greatly damaged, (by white ants) immediately demanded compensation, finally sued his tenants for the value of the article so injured, and recovered it. The friendly tenants who conferred a favour, touched by the legal wand, became 'gratuitous bailees,' and found that they were under an obligation to Mr. Green and not Mr. Green to them. He held them 'responsible under the terms of their agreement' for the damage he had sustained. Now, it may fairly be presumed, that had the tenants imagined they were making a legal contract, they would have examined the contents of the box, taken an inventory, and charged for warehouse-room. But simply asked to let a box remain in the house, they politely complied. Net result of politeness and good feeling—a fine of Rs. 630 and costs! It might be said that the moral of the story is—never accept a bailment from persons of a strictly legal turn of mind."

—Same: "We learn from Calcutta that the widow Begum of Nawab Kurreem Shaw, a brother of Tippoo Sultan, died on Saturday night, the 17th inst. She had arrived at the ripe age of 114, and possessed to the last the full exercise of her faculties. She was married in the life-time of Hyder Ali. Though so closely connected with a regal family, the late Begum experienced but little of the cares of state. She has lived rather in comfortable retirement."

"Mr. Swinhoe has been recalled from his Szechuen exploration tour by Sir R. Alcock, but it was probable that the despatch would not reach him. Some R. C. Missionaries and several hundred native converts are said to have been recently murdered in that province."

—"Last Wednesday evening, General Malcolm treated the women and children of the 21st Regiment and the B-18th Royal Artillery to a tea party at the Government Gardens, Kurrachee."

—Chinese Imperial edict: "The injurious practice of cultivating the poppy-plant, which interferes with the production of food for the masses, having taken rise in the province of Kansuh, has spread into Shen-si and Shan-si, whilst of late the growth has by degrees extended into the Provinces of Kiang-su, Ho-nan, Shantung, &c. Regardless of evil consequences when influenced by the greed of gain, the lower classes of the population think only of the present moment, as an inevitable result of which it must ensue that richly productive lands will become engrossed by the cultivation of a worthless article. The interests of the people are thus seriously endangered. A prohibition on this subject has already heretofore been stringently proclaimed; and on the present occasion we do enjoin upon the Viceroys and Governors of all the provinces in question to give orders without delay to their subordinates, directing them once more to publish earnest manifestoes, prohibiting the practice *in toto*."

—*Times of India*: "The New Zealand papers received yesterday contain but little news regarding the war, but what news they give is of massacre and bloodshed. The *Wanganui Times* reports the massacre of seven men of Colonel McDonnell's division, and the *Taranaki News* records that the settlers at the White Cliffs, nine in number, were surprised and slaughtered in February last. These were the Rev. Mr. Whitley (a Wesleyan missionary), Captain and Mrs. Gascoigne and three children, and three others. Measures were being adopted, with the help of friendly tribes, to anerage the massacre. Colonel Whitmore had attacked Tito Kowaru's position and inflicted a signal defeat upon that chief. Panics had arisen in several places, but the action of the authorities had succeeded in allaying them.

—The China papers mention a scheme to connect the British India telegraphic system, by which Rangoon and Moulmein are already in communication with Europe, with a line from Bangkok through Siam and Cambodia to Saigon; and from Saigon to Cape St. James, or Cape Padaran, from which a submarine line will be

made to Hongkong; or, if an application which has been made to the Government of Annan is complied with, it is proposed to make a further line to Hue, and so lessen the sea distance.

—*Indu-Prakash*: "Sir Joseph Arnould will bid farewell to India on the 1st proximo. He leaves the country with the sympathies and regret of the people. During the ten years of his judicial career in India on the bench of the highest judicial tribunal in this presidency, he has not given so much as a single occasion for serious censure or disapprobation on the part of the native community. His love of honest work, his cool patience, conscientious dispensation of justice without regard to colour or creed, his deep learning, and his merciful disposition, will long be remembered by the people of Bombay after he has retired from the scene of his labour. Several of his judgments, such as the one in the great Maharaj Libel Case, will be ever quoted as models of eloquence and judicial learning. The address from the native community to such a gentleman is the genuine expression of heartfelt sympathy.

—*The Times*; Jerusalem, March 13: "Government can scarcely be expected to view with favour excavations which lead down to the foundations of their own sacred stronghold in the City, but they cannot well withdraw from the permission accorded to the present explorers, although they see the very Haran itself perforated by shafts, and strange cranes, lifts, and pulleys at work in the Holy Enclosure of Omar. What has been already brought to light very probably affords a most imperfect measure of results yet to be obtained. The most important problems in Biblical traditions and story which are keenly disputed over head may be solved by the underground workers in a few months, and the whole scheme of the architecture, of which we can as yet form very inadequate notions, may be revealed to us."

There is now an omnibus between Jaffa and Jerusalem.

THURSDAY,—April 29.

—There is a *rumour* that the Ameer of Bokhara has been killed by his eldest son, as the late Sultan of Muscat was.

—*Bombay Gazette*: "To-day being a Parsee holiday called Ava Ardui-soor Jasan, a fair will be held on the Esplanade. This holiday is kept in honour of Ardui Soora Anahita, the angel who presides over the sea, corresponding to the Mylitta of the Babylonians."

—*Deccan Herald*: "Major Torin Thatcher Acting District Superintendent of Police, went forth yesterday, with a small body of the force under him, into the Mawul T looka, in search of a gang of dacoits, reported to have taken up their temporary abode in the hills behind Kirkulla."

—Some interesting addresses were made at the last meeting of the Bombay B. Asiatic Society on occasion of the resignation by Mr. Justice Newton of the presidentship. Dr. Baw Daji said:

"I need scarcely say that Mr. Newton's knowledge of the cave character is minute and accurate, and his knowledge of Sanskrit first acquired in England has undoubtedly contributed to the great interest he has taken in the languages of this country of several of which he possesses an excellent knowledge, particularly the Marathi. He has just presented to the Society a copy of the Jooneer Cave inscriptions taken by him many years ago, and although they were copied before, and a getleman was specially employed by Government for the purpose, Mr Newton's copy is far more accurate, and has a new inscription containing the name (Eril) of a Yavana or Greek, who had made a charitable gift. I had the privilege of travelling with Mr Newton in 1862 along the whole of the Aravalli Range, when we photographed the Jain temples of Edur and Rishabhdeva; the beautiful temples, lakes, and palaces of Oodeypur; the lakes, temples and ruins of the old Eklingaji; the beautiful jewel lake of Mount Abu; and the not less beautiful marble Jain temples of Delwada, which grace its top; the magnificent lakes and bunds of Kankroli and Dabhur both adorned with marble structures of elaborate carving and Assyrian arches; and the last 40 miles in circumference, having its marble bund, with a separate inscription on every block, supported by a granite bund of 1,200 feet breadth and 100 feet deep which, although constructed three hundred years ago, is as strong and entire as when it was first constructed, and does not permit a drop of water to escape—a feat of engineering and honest work which seems an impossibility in the present day."

—The *London Review* has ceased to appear.

—*Times of India*; Calcutta, 28th: "The Editor and Printer of the *Englishman* have been called upon by the Chief Justice to shew cause why they should not be punished for contempt of Court in respect of the course followed by that paper in connection with Mr. Tayler's case, after the judgment of the Court had been passed thereon."

—Same: Telegrams from Cochin, received in Bombay yesterday, report the total loss of the iron ship *Sarah Sands*, 1,150 tons, from Liverpool, December 7, with a cargo of coals bound to Bombay. According to the telegram the vessel struck on Kulpeny Reef, Laccadive Islands, and became a total loss. The crew were saved, and had arrived at Calicut.

FRIDAY,—April 30.

—Mr. W. Tayler's case: A Mahomedan lady purchased an estate from Mr. Tayler and then found that it had been previously attached in payment of Mr. Tayler's debts. The debt amounted to Rs. 11,000; and this sum the lady paid to save her estate from sale. A suit was eventually brought by the lady to recover the amount she had been forced to pay on Mr. Tayler's account.

Mr. Justice Mitter declared that Mr. Tayler had been guilty of fraudulent concealment. Mr. Tayler says that he was absent and that his agent was the guilty party; and he wrote about Mr. Justice Mitter in such a way as to make himself liable to the sentence just pronounced for contempt of Court.

—Deaths last week, 432. By Small-pox, 100.

—*Times of India*; Calcutta, 29th: The ship *Bolingbroke*, bound for London with a valuable miscellaneous cargo, was totally wrecked in the river yesterday off Hooghly point.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

—*London*, 22*nd*.—The Prince and Princess of Wales have arrived at Athens. They were magnificently entertained at Constantinople.—The name of Sir Hugh Seymour Blane appears in the obituary of the week.

23*rd*.—The House of Lords have rejected the Bill for increasing the number of Bishops.—In the House of Commons last night, Mr. Grant Duff, replying to Sir. J. Gray, said he hoped the survey that had been commenced for the purpose of opening up communication between Rangoon and Western China might be resumed, but the Duke of Argyll would not urge it, if the Government of India feared it might lead to political complications.—Clauses 14 to 18 (inclusive) of the Irish Church Bill have been adopted. The hostile amendments have been defeated by large majorities.—Earl Fingal is dead.—Advices have been received from Cuba stating that the pacification of that Island is progressing.—The homeward Bombay Mail of the 10th instant reached Suez on the 23rd instant.

24*th*.—A discussion took place in the House of Lords last night on the military condition of the country.—Lord Monck urged the necessity for an improved organisation and advocated a modified adoption of the Prussian system. Lord Northbrook and the Duke of Cambridge deprecated any departure from the system of voluntary service, and said that the question of a reorganisation of the army was receiving earnest attention.—Clauses 19 to 23 of the Irish Reform Bill have been adopted by large majorities.—The paid Aides-de-camp of the Queen are to be increased to 28 of whom the Indian army will supply 4.—Two of the Aides-de-camp are to be chargeable to the Indian revenue.—Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has presided at a meeting of the Christian Mission to Egypt.—The Southampton election petition has been abandoned.—The name of Colonel Boulmeson appears in the obituary of the week.

25*th*.—Latest advices from Madrid state that in yesterday's sitting of the Cortes, Senor Olozaga declared that France will respect the decision of the Cortes on the formation of a Government.—At the opening of the Hungarian Diet at Pesth, the Emperor's speech promised numerous bills for internal reforms and expressed confidence in the maintenance of peace.

26*th*.—Another agrarian outrage has taken place in Tipperary, where a Mr. Bradshaw, a Magistrate, has been shot dead.—Lord Hyde has been elected member for Brecon.—Advices from Spain state that the conscription has passed off tranquilly.—It is reported that the Duke d'Aosta, second son of the King of Italy, will accept the Crown of Spain, if it should be offered to him.—The Bombay mail of the 3rd instant, was delivered in London to-day.—The steamer *Columbian*, with the outward Indian mails, left Suez for Bombay on the 25th instant at 10 a. m. (8 hours before contract time.)

27*th*.—An animated debate took place last night in the House of Lords, on the Marquis of Clanricarde's Irish Land Bill. Earl Granville defended the neutral attitude of Government, and said that adoption by Government, would be tantamount to their own introduction of the Bill. With regard to numerous measures before Parliament, he said that it was useless for Government in all cases to introduce measures themselves Lord Clanricarde upon this consented to the postponement of the committal of the Bill until 25th of May.—The House of Commons has adopted clauses 24 to 27 of the Irish Church Bill.—Mr Grant Duff in reply to Sir Stafford Northcote said that no arrangements had been effected relative to the disputes between the Sovereigns of Muscat and Zanzibar, and that no action was contemplated with reference to affairs in the Persian Gulf States.—The French Chambers have closed in preparation for the general Elections.

28*th*.—Earl Russell's Life Peerage Bill has been read a second time without a division.—The French Chambers have been dissolved, and the elections will take place on the 23rd and 24th May.—The protocol embodying the definite agreement between France and Belgium relative to the Luxembourg Railway question was signed yesterday.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

MARRIAGE.

TERRY—PAUL—March 30th, at Aberdeen, Scotland, Alex. R. Terry, Esq., C. E. (Bombay,) of Great Marlow Bucks, to Annie Hay, eldest daughter of the late George Paul, Esq., of Newseat, Aberdeenshire.

DEATHS.

DAVIES—April 25th, at Middle Colaba, Charles James Davies, Esq.' C. S., after three years' suffering.

PRINGLE—April 16th, at Broach, David Pringle, C. E., Assistant Engineer, P. W. D., of Bairnkine, Jedburgh, Scotland.

PINTO—April 24th, by being drowned, at Mhow, Valentine Pinto, eldest son of Apothecary J. Pinto, 95th Regiment, aged 14½ years deeply regretted by his sorrowing parents.

CORCORAN—April 21st, at Belgaum, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of John Corcoran, Pensioned Corporal, 2nd Bombay L. I. F. aged 39 years.

Advertisements.

DIOCESAN SCHOOL,

BYCULLA.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.

The Rev. G. C. REYNELL, M.A.
The Hon. Mr. JUSTICE WARDEN.
HERBERT BIRDWOOD, Esq., M.A. C.S.
GERARD NORMAN, Esq.
Honorary Secretary—JOHN CAMERON, Esq.
Head Master—The Rev. E. H. DUBOIS.

THE Committee of the above School have much pleasure in announcing the opening on the 1st February of a Boarding School, under the Rev. E.H. DuBois, in connection with the school, held in the Freemasons' Hall, Mazagon. A large house with extensive ground and ample accommodation for a number of boarders has been secured in a healthy part of Byculla.

Children of both sexes from the ages of 6 to 15 will be received and every effort made to ensure them a happy and comfortable home.

The course of study will be varied according to the age and attainments of the pupils, commencing with the elementary branches, and rising to the Matriculation Standard of the University of Bombay. The Home-studies of the Boarders will be under the Superintendence of Mr. and Mrs. DuBois and an assistant resident Master.

From the success which has hitherto attended the Day School already established, the Committee have every confidence that this fresh undertaking will meet with adequate support, feeling assured, as they do, that every care will be taken of, and comfort provided for the pupils, and that they will receive a sound moral and religious training as well as a good secular education. The Committee earnestly trust that their endeavours thus to provide what has long been felt as an urgent want will meet with a hearty response on the part of parents.

Full particulars as to terms, &c., may be learned on application to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN CAMERON, Esq., or the Rev. E. H. DUBOIS, Byculla.

G.C. REYNELL,
Honorary Secretary Diocesan Board of Education.

BOMBAY GUARDIAN. Terms of Subscriptions Rs. 12 per annum; with Indian Postage, 15-4; with Postage to England Rs. 16-5-4. Payable in advance (quarterly where more convenient). Communications to be addressed "Editor *Bombay Guardian*, Tract and Book Depository." Payments may be made to Mr. Timothy Theophilus, T. & B. Depository.

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THE ROB ROY IN THE DELTA.

"FIELD OF ZOAN, DELTA."

(From the Times.)

THE wind being contrary, the paddle had to drive the Rob Roy for about four hours, but I ran her up the winding creeks, and soon began to replenish our larder by shooting my first wild duck from a canoe. People had foreboded an upset as the sure result of a gun's recoil. However, it was only the duck that was knocked over,

After a long and winding voyage along the river which leaves the Delta with a score of others, and passing by Zag or Zig, conveys Nile water, partly from filtration, partly direct from the Nile, finally into Lake Menzaleh, and once probably in much greater volume into the sea, we came near the vast Tell or mounds of ancient Zoan, and I started on foot to explore them all alone. It is far the best way to be alone in examining a huge relic like this where desolation reigns, where all may be seen without a guide, and where the sentiment of silence adds much to the deep solemnity of the scene.

For a mile I crossed a marsh, not without frequent difficulties, and then mounted to the highest mound, perhaps 200 feet above the water. All was seen from that point, and a noble view it is indeed.

The horizon is nearly a straight line all the way round. Looking west it is black rich loam, without fences or towns, and with only a dozen trees in sight. This is "The Field of Zoan." Behind us is a gleam of silver light on the far-away shore of Lake Menzaleh. From right to left in the foreground winds most gracefully the Nile, where the Rob Roy floats on the ripples of a gentle breeze. But between that and the mound I am on is lying bare and gaunt in stark silent devastation one of the grandest and oldest ruins in the world. It is deep down in the middle of an enclosing amphitheatre of mounds, all of them absolutely bare, and all dark-red from the million potsherds that defy the winds of time and the dew and sun alike to stir them or to melt their sharp edged fragments.

M. Mariette lately had the ruins uncovered (by forced labour I hear of 500 men at a time.) They are extensive, varied, gigantic, and in utter confusion. Here you see about a dozen obelisks all fallen, all broken,—twenty or thirty great statues all monoliths, of grey granite, porphyry, and red granite—a huge sarcophagus (as it seemed to me) was of softer stone, and enormous pillars, lintel stones, and wall stones are piled and heaped one over the other, but most of them still half buried in the earth. The polished statues are of various sizes, and of beautiful workmanship. Some sit with half the body over the ground, others have only a leg in the air. One has its great bulk buried up to the ear, another lies with chair and legs appearing, but the hand in the mud.

No moss is upon these, no weeds grow round, but I found some very strange little insects, like pale-coloured "ladybirds," in thick clusters of hundreds close together between the exfoliating parts of the very hardest and driest granite. Of these I shall send some specimens to England. Perhaps they are well-known, but at any rate it is curious to see animals living apparently on the hardest of stones.

The buildings seem to have formed a temple with three outlying edifices. Some of the obelisks had fallen long before the dust and refuse of ages had filled the courtly halls, then tenantless. Others fell on this new stratum, and now lie, say ten feet higher than the floor, while a few lasted perhaps another thousand years, and then toppled over with a crash on the lonely plain, unheard by a regardless world.

Think of the labour of transporting these stones, each many hundreds of tons in weight, from the Upper Nile, whence several of them *must* have come!

The mounds that now hedge in this magnificent sight, so that from no point in the plain can you see even one stone of it, were probably the houses of a town built of mud, and an extensive pottery. All over and under and among the stones are large masses of vitrified bricks, evidently the produce of the kilns, and perhaps this is what was predicted by Ezekiel (ch. xxx. 14) that the Lord "will set fire in Zoan."

Many as are the celebrated ruins I have seen, I do not recollect any that impressed me so deeply with the sense of fallen and deserted magnificence.

A lovely morn and a friendly breeze—how numerous our delights—and with compass and map I fearlessly sail out alone, and board the luggage-boat as usual, when gaunt hunger, after 5 hours' work, quickens the nautical sense, for it is wonderful how you can "find the way to food" if you have but a good appetite, and know where it will be appeased. Thus we sailed till in the far horizon, the ships at Port Said could be seen; and safely landed there. I looked back on the past six weeks of travel with unmingled pleasure, and look forward now to the new, perhaps greater, difficulties of the Syrian tour in my canoe with the best of hopes.

On Sunday I took a long walk by the seashore, which here is of unsullied sand. The temperature was perfect—cool enough to walk anywhere, warm enough to sit any time. The tide came quietly in upon the glittering beach, and rushed among the coloured shells. Wave after wave gracefully bent its thin crest, and toppling over, flung athwart the sloping shore a long, wide tongue-like sheet of glistening water, which lapped around with gentle sweep, and then left the wet sand to shine in the sun, verged by a rim of pure white foam, melting away. I walked fast and far, singing with unheard glee till I came near Gemileh, where once was a great current from the then seven-mouthed river. It was my last walk in Africa, and a good twelve miles, rather too long for a morning stroll.

"MAKE IT SO PLAIN THAT I CAN GET HOLD OF IT."

(From the Congregationalist.)

On the sixteenth day after the battle of Gettysburg, I entered the room where a young wounded Colonel was apparently near to death. As I entered he was roused from his stupor and beckoned me to his bedside, and threw his feeble arms around my neck.

"Oh, my father, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid you would not come till it was too late. I am too feeble to say much, though I have a great many things to say to you; you must do all the talking. Tell me all about dear mother and sister."

I soon perceived by the appearance of those in the house, that there was no hope entertained of his recovery. But as I could no longer endure the agony of suspense, I at last inquired of the doctor, "Doctor, what do you think of my son's case?"

"Entirely hopeless."

"But is there nothing more that can be done to save him?"

"No, Sir. Everything that human skill and kindness can do, has been done. Your son has been a brave, and very successful officer; has been a great favorite in the army; has won the highest esteem of all who have known him, but he now must die. Immediatly after the amputation, the gangrene set in, and defies all efforts to arrest it."

"Well, Doctor, how long do you think he can live?"

"Not more than four days. He may drop away at any hour. We are constantly fearing that an artery will give way, and then it is all over with the Colonel. What you wish to do in reference to his death, you had better do at once."

"Have you, or has any one, told him of his real condition?"

"No. We have left that painful duty for you to do, as we have been expecting your arrival for several days."

As I entered the room with the dreaded message of death pressing on my heart, the eyes of my son fastened on me.

"Come, sit by my side, father. Have you been talking with the docter about me?"

"Yes."

"What did he tell you? Does he think I shall recover?"

There was a painful hesitation for a moment.

"Don't be afraid to tell me just what he said."

"He told me you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not to exceed four days, and that you may drop away any hour—that an artery may slough at any moment, which you can not survive."

With great agitation, he exclaimed,

"Father, is that so? Then I must die! I cannot, I must not die! oh! I am not prepared to die now. Do tell me how I can get ready! Make it so plain that I can get hold of it. Tell me, in a few words, if you can, so that I can see it plainly. I know you can, father, for I used to hear you explain it to others."

'Twas no time now for tears, but for calmness and light, by which to lead the soul to Christ, and both were given.

"My son, I see you are afraid to die."

"Yes, I am."

"Well, I suppose you feel guilty."

"Yes, that is it. I have been a wicked young man. You know how it is in the army."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"Oh, yes! That is what I want. Can I be, father?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Well, now father, make it so plain that I can get hold of it."

At once, an incident, which occurred during the school days of my son, came to my mind. I had not thought of it before for several years. Now it came back to me, fresh with its interest, and just what was wanted to guide the agitated heart of this young inquirer to Jesus.

"Do you remember while at school in ——you came home one day, and I having occasion to rebuke you, you became very angry, and abused me with harsh language?"

"Yes, father, I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming to see me, and felt so bad about it, that I wanted to see you, and once more ask you to forgive me."

"Do you remember, how, after the paroxysm of your anger had subsided, you came in, and threw your arms around my neck, and said, 'my dear father, I am sorry I abused you so. It was not your loving son that did it. I was very angry. Won't you forgive me?'"

"Yes, I remember it very distinctly."

"Do you remember what I said to you as you wept upon my neck?"

"Very well. You said, 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me. I shall never forget those words."

"Did you believe me?"

"Certainly, I never doubted your word."

"Did you then feel happy again?

"Yes, perfectly; and since that time, I have always loved you more than ever before. I shall never forget how it relieved me when you looked upon me so kindly, and said, 'I forgive you with all my heart.'"

"Well, now, this is just the way to come to Jesus. Tell Him, '*I am so sorry*,' just as you told me, and ten thousand times quicker than a father's love forgave you, will He forgive you. He says he will. Then you must take His word for it, just as you did mine."

"Why father, is this the way to become a Christian?

"I don't know of any other."

"Why father, I can get hold of this. I am so glad you have come to tell me how."

He turned his head upon his pillow for rest. I sank into my chair and wept freely, for my heart could no longer suppress its emotions. I had done my work, and committed the case to Christ. He too, I was soon assured, had done His. The broken heart had made its confession, had heard what it longed for, 'I forgive you,' and believed it. It was but a few moments of silence, but the new creation had taken place, the broken heart had made its short, simple prayer, and believed, and the new heart had been given. A soul had passed out from 'nature's darkness into marvelous light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God.'"

I soon felt the nervous hand on my head, and heard the word "father" in such a tone of tenderness and joy, that I knew the change had come.

"Father, my dear father, I don't want you to weep any more, you need not. I am perfectly happy now. Jesus has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says so, and I take His word for it, just as I did yours. Wipe your tears. I am not afraid to die now. I think I would as soon die as live, for I should go right up to heaven and be with Jesus. You and mother and sister will soon come after me, and then we shall all be there together. We shall have no more trouble there. If it is God's will, I would like to live to serve my country, and take care of you and mother; but if I must die, I am not afraid to, now. Jesus has forgiven me. Come father, let us sing

'When I can read my title clear,'

and we did sing."

"Now father I want you should pray, and I will follow you."

We did pray and Jesus heard us.

"Father, I am very happy. Why, I believe I shall get well. I feel much better."

From that hour, all his symptoms changed—pulse went down, and countenance brightened. The current of life had changed.

The doctor soon came in, and found him cheerful and happy—looked at him—felt his pulse, which he had been watching with intense anxiety, and said,

"Why Colonel you look better."

"I am better, Doctor. I am going to get well, My father has told me how to become a Christian and I am very happy. I believe I shall recover, for God has heard my prayer. Doctor, I want you should become a Christian too. My father can tell you how to get hold of it."

In the evening three surgeons were in consultation, but saw no hope in the case, and one of them took his final leave of the Colonel.

Next morning the two surgeons who had been in constant attendance, came in, and began as usual to dress the wound.

On opening the bandages, they suddenly drew back, and throwing up their arms exclaimed,

"Great God, this is a miracle! The gangrene is arrested, and the Colonel will live! God has heard your prayers!"

"Why Doctor," replied the Colonel. "I told you yesterday, that I believed I should get well, for I asked Jesus that I might live to do some good. I knew He heard my prayer, and now you see He has. Bless the Lord with me, Doctor."

Meanwhile, '*Our son must die*,' had gone over the wires, and made sadness at home. Next day, '*Our son will live and is happy in Christ*,' followed, and joy came again to the loved ones.

After his recovery, the Colonel returned to the people whose sons he had led with honor through fifteen hard-fought battles. They in return, gave him the best office in the gift of a loyal and grateful people. Among them he now lives in prosperity and honor, is a member of the church of Christ, and a father of a happy family growing up around him, and consecrated, in baptism, to the service of his Redeemer.

I too, was made a better man, and better minister by that scene, where this dear son, struggling with his guilt and fear of death, was led to Jesus, and found the pardon of his sins. I there resolved never to forget that charge he made me, in his extremity: "*Make it so plain that I can get hold of it.*"

I have made this the motto of every sermon I have since preached, and God has blessed the effort.

THE WORTH OF FAITH.

BY REV. G. B. WILLCOX.

(From the Congregationalist.)

If you were aiming, with bitterest hate, to shut up a poor wretch to despair, you would do well to induce him to rely on good works for salvation. But, sweeter in a helpless hour like that, than balm to bathe one's dying temples, is the announcement, "*This* is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent!"

And when the great change has passed over us, we have, even then, no boast of strength to set up. The Liberal Christians may be able to overcome the world and grow perfect by a virtue of their own. We do not claim that we can. We have tried it, and with no very flattering success. It is not, we find, till a Christian gives up battling with his own self-will and the "body of death" that is in him, and turns away his tired, sad eyes to Christ, that he begins to make head and win victories. If you would get evil out, it is simply the order of nature, first, by faith, to take Christ in. Dislodge if you can from some old, dark chamber the bats and vermin that long have haunted it. They dart back and forth through the gloom; they dodge into every corner; and you give up the chase in despair. But throw up the windows and let in light; and the place loses its charm for the creatures, and silently they glide away. Christ's light will do more in a day, than your tears and struggles for years together, to make way with the sins that infest you.

And one must be often in a holy solitude with God, that faith may there grow and get strength to do work in the world. There a rest and refreshing are given for the battle of life. "Happy the nation," says the inscription over the gate of the arsenal at Venice, "that in time of peace prepares for war." Happy the Christian who, in the calm of retirement, draws vigor, through faith, from God for his warfare with sin.

Such a faith will inevitably make itself felt as a practical force in the world. That is the outward demonstration of its worth. Men will believe there is anything in your religion, only when you show yourself able both to draw near to God in secret and to draw near to them in public. Our Lord knew well that the Jews cared nothing for His lone, midnight hours with the Father; and so translated His love into loaves and fishes, the only language they could understand. The religion for these times must have force enough to be felt beyond church limits, in the very thick of common affairs. As the Amazon throws its great flood of fresh water two hundred miles out into the ocean's bitter brine, so a faith that has vigor and volume in it, will project itself far into the sea of worldly life.

But, in order to that, it must have its source in God, that He may be, with His omnipotence, the steady force to uphold it. He comes into vital and organic union with every new-born soul. The disciple is made a partaker of the Divine nature. Through the link of the Incarnation he is brought into even an awful identity with the God-man. "We are made members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." And, with such a connection formed, such a channel thrown open, the believer draws his steady life and strength from all the immensities of the being of God. The sources of his stability lie far beneath, and beyond, the fickle surface-movements of the world.

Standing, last summer, by the whirlpool below the falls, at Niagara, we were struck by the steadiness with which the waves dashed the bank of the river. From year to year they beat the rocks with unvarying blows. Waves on other shores are roused by winds and tides, and soothed again in calms. They depend on outward excitements to move them. But no winds disturb the depths of that abyss.* No tides there rise or fall. No winter's storm can roll those surges higher; no summer evening's quiet can allay them. How comes that strange, measured, unchanging action? You feel there *the pulse of the planet* itself! The grand, deep law of gravitation, the law that holds the earth, the universe, together, plunges those waters, and rolls up those waves. So it is with the power of God at work, through faith, in a Christian's inner life. It makes him feel the pulsations of God in the soul. It renders him independent of transient excitements, of all winds and calms of feeling, and sets the eternal laws of God's moral energy at work in his being.

It is a larger indwelling of faith that we want, a sense, through that, of Christ within, the hope of glory. For not in our strength is the triumph assured, but "*this* is the victory that overcometh the world, even *our faith!*"

THE CATHOLIC AUTOMATON.*

A rich mechanician retired from business and took a country house. The Curé of that place, whose church stood hard by the garden of the new *parishioner*, came to call upon him, and after the accustomed introductory speeches, the conversation took the following turn.

"I hope," said the Curé, "to have in you, not only a good neighbour, but a good parishioner."

"I, for my part, do not share that hope."

"How! will you not come to mass?"

"For what purpose? since you celebrate in Latin, and I do not understand a word of that language."

"Never mind that, it suffices to hear it."

"Oh, if to hear it be all, the thing is soon done."

"Of course. But you will do well to come to vespers."

"I shall not understand a word of them."

"Still you will be present."

"So be it. Thus by listening to Mass and assisting at vespers on Sundays, I shall become a good parishioner."

"Oh, but during the week you will also have duties to fulfil."

"What are they?"

"Why, for example, you must not eat meat on Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays."

"I do not see what good that will do my soul or my body—it will neither make me fatter or holier."

"Never mind that, the church enjoins it."

"I hope then, that three days in the week will satisfy you, and you will leave me the other four."

"Without doubt; except indeed the forty days in Lent, the Ember week, and the vigils, at which seasons abstinence and fasting are incumbent."

"But what connexion is there between these fasts and holiness of heart and life?"

"I have already told you that the church enjoins them."

"I own that I fear often to fail in my obedience to the church."

"In that case the church will not deal hardly with you, she will cancel your faults at the cost of a certain number of Paternosters and Ave Marias."

"But, surely Sir, thus to repeat the same words twenty or thirty times, is a very sure way to say them without attending to them; it is to degrade ourselves below a parrot, which at least thinks about the sound it utters, even if it does not understand it."

"You constantly revert to your fixed ideas of thinking, feeling and understanding. The main point is the doing, executing, accomplishing. Whether you think about them or not, your Ave Marias are no less actually repeated."

"Good! Good!"

"And besides," said the Curé, looking down demurely, "there is in every parish, a pious man, whose prayers may be substituted for yours; and masses....."

"What! Latin words, rapidly chanted by an inattentive priest, can these have a certain efficacy in the matter of my salvation?"

Certainly, they can. The rapidity has nothing to do with it, nor has the inattention—the one thing necessary is, that the priest's primary intention should be to do what the church does; and provided that he do not look off his book, or omit one word of the service, he may go on as fast as he likes. The work accomplishes itself alone. In fact, our grand principle is just this: the value of an action depends upon its material accomplishment, and not upon the moral dignity of the person who accomplishes it; or, as our theological treatises express it, ex opere operato, et non ex opera operantis; which means that the value of a sacrament depends upon the action done, and not upon him who does it. Here is a case in point, quoted by one of our doctors: a criminal priest being pursued by order of his Bishop, took refuge in a baker's shop, and there, by way of revenge, he consecrated all the dough it contained. Do you know what happened in consequence?"

"No."

"All that dough was transformed into the body of Jesus Christ."

"What! at a baker's?"

"Yes."

"By the hands of a priest who was a criminal?"

"Yes."

"In spite of the spirit of revenge which led him to think of such a consecration?"

"Yes, yes, yes—our theologians affirm it."

"And who are those theologians?"

"Those whose doctrines are taught in our colleges."

"Here again, I have nothing to say in reply—and indeed, I begin now to understand the spirit of the church. For instance, this explains to me the virtue of baptismal water, of wax tapers &c."

"Exactly so."

"Well then, Sir, I must tell you, that I have a cousin in England."

"What! in England? he is then a Protestant."

"Of course."

"You must convert him."

"That would not be very easy; and, indeed, I was just going to tell you, that I have heard him laugh at Catholicism a hundred times, and advance somewhat cogent arguments against its doctrines."

"In that case there is another method of conversion."

"What is that?"

"Look here; get this medal sewn inside his coat, without his knowledge, and be sure sooner or later he will feel its good effects."

"In converting him?"

"Yes."

"Without his knowledge?

"Certainly."

"But, in order to change one's opinion, one must think."

"I tell you once more, that the medal operates of itself, and that the main point is, that it should operate, and not that your cousin should think!"

"In this case I have no more to say, I own myself conquered."

"And your family, my dear neighbour, will, I hope, follow your example."

"Oh, as for my family, they will be sure to do as I do."

"Thus, then, you are converted."

"We shall see. Good morning, Sir," and without waiting for an answer the mechanician withdrew. As for the Curé, who, during this conversation, had been passing a rosary through the fingers of one hand and with the other carelessly lifting, every now and then, a medal to his lips—he now withdrew, perfectly convinced that all this had acted ex opere operato.

After this conversation, days, weeks, months passed without the mechanician availing himself of his nearness to the church to go to mass or confession—nevertheless the Curé had not lost all hope, for his neighbour had sent to him for a medal, and in the meanwhile was spending his time in fabricating a masterpiece of mechanism, placed in a position, at the end of the garden, built up against the church. This piece of mechanism was one of those men made of wood, iron and leather, which being set in motion by springs and counterpoises, move and speak like living beings.

It was, in short, a first-rate Automaton. The Curé came a second time to visit his neighbour; the conversation again turned upon religion.

"Well, my dear Sir, you are not even to be seen at mass. You have not yet been once to confession; and moreover, I see the butcher enter your gate daily. I thought you had promised me that you would fulfill your religious duties."

"Sir, I always perform my promises."

"What! you have heard masses and assisted at vespers on Sundays?"

"Yes."

"In my church?

"Yes."

"You have confessed and performed penances?"

"Yes, yes. I have done all that you required."

"But how then happens it, that I, the only priest in the parish, have been not aware of it?"

* The correspondent who sends us this in manuscript, says that he has taken it from a Colonial paper. It is evidently a translation from the French. Ed. B. G.

"*You shall soon learn*, come along with me."

The Curé followed his neighbour to the end of the garden, and there found himself face to face with a magnificent Automaton, of five feet six inches, kneeling on a prosper chair with its ear close to the wall of partition between the pavilion and the church.

"What means this?" asked the Curé.

"It means that this Automaton hears mass in my place each time you celebrate it in your church."

"You are jesting."

"By no means. Did you not tell me, that to understand mattered little, and that to hear was enough? Well then, I can assure you that my Automaton and I alike know nothing at all about Latin. The words of the mass strike upon my ear, without entering my mind, or touching my heart and in the very same way they strike upon the ear of my Automaton, without entering into or touching his mind and heart."

"But ....."

"Wait a moment; this is not all, allow me to push in the knob."

The mechanician pressed a spring, and instantly the lips of the Automaton moved, and these words proceeded from them: "Deus in adjutorium."

"What!" said the priest "he chants vespers?"

"Certainly, and he does it in my stead."

"But it is not the same thing at all....."

"Excuse me; for my Automaton chants in my stead exactly as I should chant myself; that is to say without understanding or feeling anything whatsoever; he makes a noise and I shall do no more. You see I remember your grand principle: Ex opere operato. All depends upon the accomplishment of an action, and nothing upon the moral dignity of him who accomplishes it."

"But, Sir, even if this held good with regard to mass and vespers, that is not enough, for your butcher's daily visits convince me that you neither fast nor refrain from seeking meat."

"You are mistaken; my Automaton fasts daily, for he never eats anything at all, and, consequently, always refrains from meat."

"But it is you, Sir, you yourself, and not your Automaton, who ought to fast and abstain from meat, and in case of forgetting these duties, to perform penance."

"As you shall see, all this is provided for."

The mechanician pressed a second spring, and the Automaton began to repeat an Ave Maria, gratia plena, from beginning to end, passing a chaplet through its hands the same while and doing this no less than ten times.

"But, Sir, you do not think....."

"On the contrary, it is the Automaton that does not think. Have you not told me that thought was not necessary? Have I not seen a hundred times, a rosary told by devotees, who were thinking about other things, looking in different directions and even listening to a conversation? Is it not in the case of such a devotee as in that of my Automaton, ex opere operato."

"But what then have you done with the medal you sent to ask from me?"

"Here it is; I have sewn it in the trowsers of the Automaton, in order to convert my cousin in England."

"But again you are jesting."

"Not at all. Since the medal operates of itself, it can operate here as well as in London; and since it can convert a man who wears it without his knowledge, my Automaton may very well stand in my cousin's place, for I assure you, he has not the least notion that he is wearing it."

"But at least it is essential that the person who sews the medal upon another, should do it with intention."

"So I thought, and hence in sewing I had much intention; It is the same thing as if the Automaton wore my cousin's dress."

"My dear neighbour, I see that it is useless to hope to bring you to a better way of thinking, but at least think of your family."

"Sir, in constructing my Automaton I have thought of my wife and children, as well as myself. My Automaton replaces us all; its continual fasts suffice for my whole family. I wind it up every night, it goes twenty-four hours without stopping, and, like the most pious devotee, repeats mechanically masses, vespers, prayers and all the rest."

"Well then, I catch you in your own words. In order to say mass, it is necessary to be not only a devotee, but also a priest."

"That need be no objection: my Automaton is an Automaton Curé. If your criminal and revengeful priest was able to change dough into God, that is to say, if the evil sentiment existing in his heart offered no impediment to transubstantiation, still less will the absence of all sentiment impede it. If the mass of a wicked priest is valid, why should not that of a wooden priest be so? Thus, my Automaton not only says mass for me and my family, but it is capable of doing so for all the sinners in the village."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this, that I have understood that one priest could depute another priest to perform the masses he himself was engaged to perform, and that thus, without knowing anything about the sinner in question, the officiating minister no less effected his salvation. Thus, I hope, Sir, that you may be induced to make over to my Automaton the completion of some of your masses."

"Not a bad idea," thought the Curé. "Nonsense!" said he, aloud. "And besides, to catch you in your own arguments, I may tell you that your Automaton, even were it able to replace you, could do nothing towards representing your family."

"You are much mistaken. I have baptized my Automation by all the names both of my wife and of my children. It is called John, Baptist, Peter, Francis, Julius, Eleanor, Adolphus, Durant."

"But one never *baptizes wood*!"

"You often baptize iron."

"How so?"

"Thus you baptize bells."

"But in order to baptize, it is necessary to be a priest."

"Not so. Your Church affirms that baptism is valid, even when administered by a heretic; and every day it is customary for midwives to sprinkle new born babes; and you say that that shuts them out of limbo."

"In spite of all that you can say, I repeat that your Automaton does not think."

"Nor does the priest, who rapidly runs through masses."

"It does not understand."

"Nor does the worshipper who listens to the mass, without understanding one word of it."

"It does not feel."

"Nor does the devotee who tells her beads half asleep.

"It does not feel any love"

"Nor does the man who fasts and refrains from eating meat, without having a converted heart."

"It does not believe."

"Nor does my cousin, who was to be rendered believing in spite of himself, by the influence of your medal. Nor do the baptized bell, the holy water, and the consecrated wafer. All of them like my Automaton, act on the principle—ex opere operato. All those people and all those things are put in motion, without thinking or feeling, and their actions are good, you tell me, even when performed mechanically."

"But, Sir, admitting that the duties of the mass, of prayer and penances, do accomplish themselves mechanically; at least there is always a primary intention in the person who performs them; even if he does not think of them while doing them, he does so before he begins them. There may not be sustained attention, it is true, but there has been, at first, an intention of doing what the church does, and that is enough."

"Very well, Reverend Sir, and now I assure you, that if there has not been sustained attention on the part of my Automaton, there has been in me a first intention each time that I pressed the spring that sets the machinery going. Thus both priest and devotee have had, in the first instance, intentions of working out their salvation, and that of others, and afterwards they have allowed their feet, their hands and their tongues to operate mechanically. Well, I have done the very same, I have had the intention of working out my salvation, and that of others; my intention set my finger in motion, my finger pressed the spring, and the spring once pressed,— with intention, be it understood —the Automation does the rest.

The Curé was silent.

"But enough of this," said the mechanician, "I hope you have understood my purpose. I never wished, Reverend Sir, to convert you to my faith; you sought to win me over to your side. I have wished to prove to you the absurdity of your principle, ex opere operato. I have wished to make you perceive the real worth of a church, where all proceeds passively, under the impetus given by a spring; where you believe, not because you have examined, but because you are told to believe; where you act, not spontaneously, but because you are driven to act—not by love, but by compulsion. Yes, the clergy of the Church of Rome is a great automaton, where faith and action are communicated as motion is to a machine. The Pope says, 'No salvation out of the pale of the Church,' and the Bishops, mere echoes of his voice, repeat, 'no salvation out of the pale of the Church'; and the Curè says after them, 'no salvation out of the pale of the Church.' The Popes, formerly Arians, are Trinitarians at present; and the Bishops formerly Arians become at present Trinitarians, in the same way that the Curés, formerly Arians, now profess themselves Trinitarians. If the Pope lift hand or foot, the Bishops lift hand or foot, the Curés lift hand or foot. Is this life? No; it is mechanism! Are these men? No; they are automatons! Ah! Reverend Sir, I have no more confidence in them than you have in my compound of wood and iron; but in constructing this machine, I have sought to convince you that you ought no more to trust to mechanical arts, performed by hands of flesh, than to those performed by hands of wood. For my part, I believe that, in itself, an action has no value apart from that which feeling gives. Thus St. Paul, says, 'Thought I give all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, I am nothing.' In short, if you wanta decisive, a divine sentence, listen to that of Jesus Christ himself:—"'Not that which entereth into, but that which cometh out of the mouth, defileth a man.' You see that it is possible to put meat into our mouths without being defiled thereby. But would you know what it is that proceeds from man and defiles him? Jesus shall give the reply:—'Murders, adulteries, thefts, false-witnesses, blasphemies.' These are works of which man is capable, this is what we can accomplish; and hence his works, far from saving, destroy him."

"In this way, then, all men are lost by their works?"

"Without doubt, they are. But if they feel this, they can, at least be saved by Jesus Christ."

"Thus, then, according to your system, as well as mine, man is saved by another than himself?"

"Yes; but by another who has felt, loved and suffered! Saved by God dying on the cross, and not by the mechanical performances of a priest. The salvation which Jesus confers fills me with gratitude; that which you profess to accomplish by your careless hands, your thoughtless lips, prompted by your corrupt heart, inspires nothing but disgust. Then I am told that Jesus so loved me as to pardon me, and confer upon me heaven. Then I feel, on my part, that I love Him, and that loving Him, I am led to do his will. But you, who look for salvation from passive actions, material ceremonies, from a body without a soul, you can but remain unmoved after such mummeries, or else grow proud of having performed them, since in your eyes, they rank as good works. Christ gives me life, and the gift appeals to my generosity; while you sell your services, and that sale now awakens my avarice. A mechanical work, done for me by a priest, cheats my conscience without changing my conduct; done by myself, it excites my self-complacency, and makes me forget that which it stands in lieu of, to wit, holiness of heart. Yes, here is the great danger of your mechanical performances. They leave the man as impure as ever; they acquit his conscience without quieting his passions. By putting the material actions in the room of the spiritual impulse, you kill morality, and you replace it by mere outward movements, mere sounds, which have only an appearance of morality. Man becomes, beneath your hand, a mere corpse, inflated with air or stuffed with straw—seeming alive, but being dead. Ah, leave man to himself; let him feel his sins, let him suffer from them; let him cry and weep till the very anguish of remorse bring him to the feet of Jesus Christ. Give him the Bible, that word of God himself, and let him learn in its pages that a Saviour has died for him, pardons him his sins, gives him heaven, ensures to him immortality, and he may see that the man who believes this, will do something better than mere mechanical works; better than burning wax tapers, gabbling Latin, sprinkling holy water, refusing meat on Saturday, to ask a double portion when Sunday comes.

"Deeply moved by the sacrifice of his God and Saviour dying to obtain heaven for him, that man will feel a necessity of imitating his Master, of sacrificing himself as He did, of loving God and *loving* his brothers also, and that love will produce works far better, far holier, than those of this Automaton—this faithful copy of your Roman system."

Miscellany.

—The *Athenæum* had lately a long notice of Ewald's History of Israel, in which he spoke of the author as a Jew In the next number he corrected his mistake. But the mistake is a suggestive one.

—*Church Missionary Record*; New Zealand, letter from the Bishop of Waiapu, Nov. 30:

"'The number of reverses we have received during the last five or six months is truly astonishing. There have been a very great number of them, and not a single success to put on the other side. What does this seem to indicate, but that God's hand has been against us? As a community and as a government we have been puffed up, first with an idea that we were in the right, and, secondly, that we are able to put down the natives by our own strength. We have been trying now for a very long time to stem the torrent, but we are carried away from day to day further from the object we have wished to attain. It is in this way that God is preparing us, I believe, to entertain a more correct view of this matter. We have had a service this last week, which was solemn and appropriate, for the purpose of leading the community to humble themselves before God, and to seek for His guidance and protection. But what I hope to see is a measure of a more general character, put forth under the sanction of the Government, and calling upon the whole community to humble themselves before God, and to seek for His protection.'

"Our difficulties in this country are small and insignificant compared with what took place a few years ago in India; but there is this remarkable fact attending it, that in India there was an overwhelming population arrayed against us, but here the section of the natives which has caused this panic is very small in proportion to the English population. All this speaks plainly enough. Unless it please God to check the progress of these natives, and if they are permitted to go on as they have been for the last few months, there will be no settlers.

"'Our best natives are all engaged in fighting in our behalf, and they are stirred up to bitter hostility from the fact that many of their own people have been cruelly murdered because they would not join the Hauhaus. We are now brought very low. At Poverty Bay there was a small section of satisfactory natives, but they are nearly all gone now by the murderous hands of their own relatives. The future of New Zealand we cannot see. What measures the Government may be led to take, what, indeed, they may be able to do, is yet unknown. This only we do know, that we are in God's hands, and that he will do what seemeth Him good. Our work, in this part of the country at least, is all in abeyance. Schools cannot be thought of until we are over the present trials."

—Same; Niger Mission; Onitsha: *April* 15—"This day Iyasere alias Orikabue, the prime minister of Onitsha, who died on the 10th instant, was partially buried. On this occasion a human sacrifice was put into the grave alive. The poor victim was seized whilst she was fast asleep, and at once put into the grave with the putrified remains, and covered in as his servant in the world of spirits. If it be so with his partial funeral rites, what must we expect to witness at the appointed time of his full interment? I shudder at the thought. I may here take the liberty of saying a word or two respecting this abominable practice, which is still carried on to a great extent in this country. During the current year not less than fifteen persons have fallen victims to these funeral obsequies. Oh how it pains our hearts to witness the ill-treatment of these poor, wretched creatures from time to time. Some of the native converts strove hard to put down this their so-called ancestral glory, but they have not the strength to convince the nation: nevertheless they warned them from the pure word of God, and showed the awful consequences it entailed on all those who are thus guilty in offending their Creator.

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Government of Maharashtra
on 28 February, 2020

"Another instance of an appalling nature took place on Feb 11. I was pained to hear of the ignominious death of a youth who was hanged for the crimes of his father. The father having died some years ago, it was suspected that he died of poison. Before his death could be announced to the public, one of his relatives was brutally murdered, as the suspicion ran. Time elapsed, and the brother of the deceased having become distracted in his mind, one of his sons, the above named youth, was seized upon to die in the room of his uncle, to appease the gods of their ancestors. O Christians, such is paganism! such is the state or the field in which we are labouring to convert sinners to Christ!

"*Aug.*—The full interment of the prime minister, Orikabue, took place to-day. Two human sacrifices were added to the outward honours already rendered—a young man about twenty years of age, and a girl about eight years. What shall be done to put down this evil—this ancestral evil—in the observance of which they have so long imbrued their hands in human gore? In vain we have tried to put it down. It seemed for a time that it was being checked, but now it has taken a fresher start than ever. We sigh, we pray, and wrestle hard with the God of Missions in faith, that He would assist, for His name's sake, to put down this crime, and He will, without the shadow of a doubt, be graciously pleased to send an answer."

—The Rev. E. Sargent, Ch. M. Soc., Palamcotta, reports in the C. M. S. Record:

"It has been my happy duty this year to baptize the first Brahmin convert who was willing to profess himself a Christian in this Province. The very few instances in times past of men of this class desiring to embrace Christianity have been effected by their removing to other places and there joining the Christian Church, being fearful of the consequences if they remained here. The young Brahmin I am now speaking of came to me frequently, opened his mind, and sought Christian instruction and counsel. I found that although he had been in our Native English School and had read the Bible there, his mind had only been impressed with the folly of heathenism; but the chief inducement which drew him towards Christianity, was what he witnessed of the influence of the Gospel in the character of some of our converts. I urged him, as an imperative duty, to let his friends know of his intentions, and after that, if he sincerely desired to profess Christ, I would receive him. He said his father was dead and that he was in his 19th year, and that his mind was fully made up to become a Christian. His appearance every way verified the statement. After a few days he came again, said that his relations were fully aware of his intentions and that he now placed himself under my care with a view to baptism. His relations came to my house, and I gave them every opportunity of speaking with him, and of using every influence short of personal violence. After a very lengthened interview, failing to move him from his purpose, the poor mother gave vent to her grief in the most violent manner. They then went to the Judge. On the strength of their statement, I was very properly required to appear in Court the next morning with the young man. It was of course an anxious time, but we committed the matter into His hands at whose disposal are all our concerns. On the Judge taking up the case, and seeing and speaking with the young man, he at once said that it was a matter in which he could not exercise his authority in opposition to the wishes of the individual—that the youth was evidently old enough and had sense enough to act on his own responsibility, and he could not order him to be placed under the custody of his relations; he was at liberty therefore to go where he pleased. The relations were so confident of the young man being given up to them, that they were completely thrown aback by the decision of the Judge, and I was allowed to go away with the youth, without the least molestation, although from what had occurred on my way to the Court, I had expected no little trouble. The Sunday following I baptized him by the name of Thomas Isudasen. I have also had two or three other high caste people come to me, in some measure anxious about their souls, all of them thoroughly convinced of the folly of idolatry; but, fearful of the results in the alienation of friends and relations, they hesitate to take the final step."

"The duty of contributing to the support of their own teachers is, I think, everywhere acknowledged, and on the whole fairly responded to. Last year the people of this district contributed 1,150 Rupees. This year they have raised 1,250—all in advance for the expenses of 1869. One of our Christians from the town of Tinnevelly had been labouring in Ceylon on a Coffee estate, and being returned to his native country, came to me to say that he wished to make a thank-offering, by a donation to the Native Church Fund. I took up my account book, and upon asking what sum I was to enter, he placed on the table 50 Rupees as from himself, and one Rupee from a poor cooly in Ceylon whom he had been the means, he hoped, of converting to the profession of the Gospel. Altogether the contributions made this year for the support of their teachers and other religious purposes amount to 2,063 Rupees."

"Among other appliances not directly missionary now in operation in this District, there is one unconnected with any Christian Society which requires our prayerful interest. The fact I allude to is a thing that has quietly grown up around us and will be yearly increasing. Of the 15 Anglo-Vernacular Schools in the District, unconnected with any Mission but supported by the Hindu inhabitants and aided by Government grants, three only are taught by Hindu masters, all the rest are taught by Christian masters. If only these men live and act as true Christians, the influence they exercise will be of the highest importance."

—Same; preaching tour by Revd. J. D. Simmond, Pannivelly: "*4th.*—Went to Pallargudy, saw only six or seven men, preached to them of the folly and sin of devil-worship. Then joined two Catechists in preaching to the Mahomedans; several listened pretty well, whilst we spoke of Christ the only Saviour. One old man even showed some little desire really to hear more about the Gospel. After preaching in two Mahomedan streets, we went to the blacksmiths and carpenters. I first read Jesus' conversation with the woman of Samaria, and preached of the water of life by Christ. A Catechist next had a long preaching, and read the parable of the Prodigal Son. About 40 adults listened very attentively without objections or cavil. Sold some Gospels and tracts. We then moved on to another street, when after the Catechists had sung a keertany (Christian lyric) we had more preaching. This evening we all went again to various parts of Streevigundam. It is curious to observe the different reception our message meets in the same place at different times. To-night we all met with indifference and cavilling, yet a few heard well. One man who had silently heard a long preaching interrupted by various cavillers, followed us away and then called a Catechist into his house and bought fifteen tracts.

"*5th.*—This morning we visited all the Pallar villages, nine in number. The Pallars generally listen well, except they have been drinking, which is usually the case at night. The fact of their being almost in the condition of slaves to the Brahmins and higher castes, seems the great obstacle to many of them becoming Christians in name. But their drinking habits are the hindrance to their real conversion. This morning one of the women said that they wished to go to hell. Many of these heathen of all castes seem to think that although the soul lives after death, it is a something totally different from themselves and it will be of little consequence where it goes. In the evening went again to the town. First visited the house of a rich bricklayer, spoke to him of the true riches and an everlasting house; could get no response save that all was fate written upon our foreheads. In the adjoining street we had about 25 hearers who gave pretty good attention. We then went to the Maraver street and stood by the large Car. Here we had a long preaching to about 60 people. Towards the end, one man said, that God was the cause of all evil. I told him that all wise men admitted that God could not be the author of sin, that we did not come to cavil but simply to make known the salvation which God had made for us sinners. To-day we sold 147 Gospels and tracts and realised Rs. 2-12-9.

"*6th*—Visited the Pallar and Shanar villages on the north side of Sheevigundan. Saw about 15 people in each. They listened well and made the old promise of becoming Christians. Then went to a Parchary. Here two Catechists joined me. We had attentive hearers, but nothing of importance occurred. I came on to Parppanathamangalam. Saw about 25 of the Maraver and Shepherd castes. One man seemed disposed to cavil about the origin of sin; another said that there was but one God, but each must worship him in his own way. This evening went to see an old Christian at Parppanathamangalam. He and his wife are the only Christians there. The old man has been ill several months. I found him in a little hut with scarcely room to lie down straight. He is very deaf and in a destitute condition. But his faith in the Lord Jesus is firm. At the mention of that Name his face brightened with joy. When I came out of the hut, a crowd had assembled, and I took the opportunity of speaking of the apparent poverty and yet the joy and hope of the old man. They admitted that heathenism gave no such hope or joy. I then urged them to seek it in Christ. Rode to Yesangamkulam and Vandimalleupatty, Pallar villages. In the latter I found two of the Catechists singing a Christian lyric and explaining it. This is a very good way of keeping the attention of the people and of collecting a crowd. Went to the Chuckler village, saw four or five men. To all I could say, they responded that they knew nothing and wanted to know nothing more. They were like the beasts that perish."

—*Record*: "Where is the one bright spot which Romish watchers discern on the horizon? Strange to say, it is Great Britain. In this land alone is the Church of Rome in a hopeful condition—extending her political influence, multiplying converts, and gathering wealth. Her agents of all classes and condition are working with desperate eagerness to accomplish the great object to which her energies are now directed—the bringing England once more beneath the Papal yoke. The nation meanwhile looks on, as a whole with indifference, while our neglected children are gathered into Romish schools, our sick are left in the hands of Romish nurses, our young women are enticed into Romish convents, and our taxes are applied to the payment of Romish chaplains, and the setting up of Romish ceremonies within the walls of our work-houses and gaols The opening of new Romish Churches and conventual institutions is almost a matter of everyday occurrence, and the statistics of the last few years show that Romanism is fast becoming a power in this country."

—Same: "The First Positivist Society of New York has published its creed, or forty articles of Positive religion—the whole forming, with its appendices, nearly two full pages of the *New York World*. Of these the Society does not feel pledged to more than the first three, which assert that science is the sole arbiter of truth, and that scientific methods should be extended to all subjects or beliefs hitherto left to theology, metaphysics, or confessed ignorance; not with the purpose of wantonly assailing prejudice, but of explaining ignorance and superstition. The development of of these general principles proves further, according to this creed, that the existence of a God is an imagination; that light, gravity, electricity, heat, thought, will, are all mutually convertible forces; that the mind is but a continuation of thought, that is a succession of cell-growths in the brain; that volition is but the result of force currents in the brain, and is necessitated; that vital organization is the result of physical forces, and that low forms of life are constantly educed by spontaneous generation in colloid forms of nitrogenous matter, and in yeast and other ferments; that matter is only force, with no essential substratum; in fine, that the superstitious ideas of God, creation, soul, heaven, hell, sin, repentance, resurrection, judgment, ghosts, fairies, all vanish. Under the head of morals, they assert that duties all spring from the social state; that the regluation of labour is the most important moral question; that the wages system is but a modified slavery, and that co-operative societies must replace it; that property in land is unjust; that the relations of woman to maternity and marriage need revision; that human beings are the only objects of reverence in prayer; that all men must, and all women may, marry at a certain age; that the property of the churches should in time be confiscated: that love is the soul of duty, and love 'arises where the emotion of the consciousness harmonizes with the parts of the universe that reach it.'"

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